THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Weekend Review

Vol. XLIII. No. 1104 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	513
TWO MONTHS TO DOOMSDAY. By R. H. S. Crossman	516
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	517
ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND. By Sagittarius	518
THIS ENGLAND	518
THE NEW WEST AFRICA. By Basil Davidson	518
ITALIAN IMPRESSIONS—II By Alexander Werth	519
WHOM HEAVEN PROSPER. By Aylmer Vallance	520
"THESE BUT THE TRAPPINGS . . ." By Patricia Phillips	522
DESERT ISLAND DISQUES. By Peter Wildeblood	523
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Elisabeth Schumann. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	523
A Good First Play. By T. C. Worsley	524
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis	524
The Movies. By William Whitebait	525
CORRESPONDENCE	526
From Jack Edwards; Austen Albu, M.P.; Ian Mikardo, M.P.; Sabine Loeffler; L. D. Lerner; Caroline Wedgwood Benn; Donald Barber; Howard Sergeant.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	528
SONNET. By Edwin Muir	529
A ROMANCE. By James Reeves	Page 529
REVIEWS:	
Strawberry Hill, Connecticut. By A. N. L. Munby	529
The General as Politician. By A. J. P. Taylor	529
The New Gang. By G. W. Stonier	530
New Novels. By George D. Painter	530
The Laws of Nature. By Kathleen Raine	531
Cruelty to Children. By C. H. Rolph	532
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville-West	534
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	535
CHESS. By Assiac	536

Can the President Do Wrong?

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S seizure of the steel industry has raised a far more serious issue than the wage dispute which led to this dramatic intervention. The steel companies—with strong support in Congress and the country—have challenged the President on constitutional grounds, and thus reopened a controversy as old as Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase, Jackson's attack on the Bank of the United States, and Lincoln's suspension of Habeas Corpus.

The President took over the steel industry on April 9 to forestall a strike called by the United Steelworkers in protest against the steel magnates' refusal to accept the wage increase awarded by the Wage Stabilisation Board. Steel profits, in the Administration's view, are high enough to cover the additional wage burden. The companies were offered a price increase of nearly $3 per ton—which would still have allowed them something like 20 per cent above the high profits of 1947-9. When the employers demanded $12 per ton, the President accepted the union case. But rather than permit the loss of vital steel production, he ordered the men to keep the industry at work; the award would be imposed on the companies while the mills were under his control.

Then the storm broke. The President's action, taken under the ill-defined emergency powers of his office—which merely charge him to maintain "national security and the general welfare"—was denounced as "Socialism" and "tyranny," and as a clear breach of the Constitution. The step he took is indeed extraordinary in a free enterprise society; it goes far beyond anything that a British Prime Minister could do without the consent of Parliament. Industries have been seized in the past—aircraft and shipbuilding were taken over by President Roosevelt in 1941, when strikes threatened Defence production, and the U.S. railway system has been nominally under the control of the Secretary of the Army since April, 1950. But, in this case, the President has not merely acted to keep a vital industry working; he has also sought to use his power to impose a contract between employers and workers.

The steel companies therefore challenged him on both counts before a Federal court, and they have won the first round by persuading Judge Pine to declare the President's action illegal. A stay of execution has, however, been granted by the Court of Appeals, suspending hostilities until the Supreme Court has made its decision. Meanwhile Philip Murray had told his men that they were free to begin the strike. Judge Pine, in fact, regarded the strike as a lesser evil than the President's claim "to unlimited and unrestrained executive power."

The ultimate constitutional issue has not been faced. An American President cannot be enjoined by any Court; he can only be impeached by Congress or turned out of office at the ensuing election. If he chooses, he can even defy rulings of the Supreme Court. Andrew Jackson did so, and Franklin Roosevelt was ready to do so (and had prepared a radio speech explaining his reasons) if the Court had ordered him to restore the gold repayment clause in Government contracts. When a President acts to defend "national security," he can do no wrong unless Congress successfully impeaches him.

Mr. Truman has already made it clear that he will not carry the argument so far. For one thing, it is harder to persuade the public that "national security" or "general welfare" are threatened in time of peace, or even of cold war, than it would be in the midst of a full-scale conflict, when the President is also acting as Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Truman, admittedly, urged that the arms programme and the need for a flow of munitions to Korea were sufficient justification. But he does not seem to have carried conviction. Secondly, though the seizure in this instance found favour with the steelworkers, the unions must be very chary about it as a precedent. The railwaymen have already found that they cannot strike against the Secretary of the Army; and other union leaders realise that this device is a dangerous and two-edged weapon which could be used in other circumstances to cripple and even destroy organised labour. On this occasion, the issue is still open, but in the last resort Mr. Truman would have to beat a retreat. In any case, echoes of this constitutional engagement will long be heard.

Socialist Conference on Germany

Last Saturday a Labour Party delegation met representatives of the German and French Socialists in Bonn. The Conference, which followed preliminary Franco-British discussions three weeks ago, was notable chiefly for the improvement it marked in the relations between the Labour Party and the S.P.D. Unfortunately it also confirmed the fears expressed in these columns that the Russian Note might cause a rift between the British and French parties. It was relatively easy for Dr. Dalton and Herr Ollenauer to reach agreement on the short-term objective of postponing ratification of the E.D.C. Treaties in order to test the sincerity of the Russian proposals. But M. Mollet has not unnaturally been perturbed by the idea of an independent armed Germany; and his party regards Western Integration on E.D.C. lines as a lesser evil.

It will need real statesmanship on the part of the Labour Party to reconcile these differences. The best chance of doing so would be if the Parties could sit down together and work out a constructive answer to the Russian Note. If a Germany, militarily independent of both Blocs, is accepted as a final goal, it must be conceded to the French that this goal should be approached by stages and over a considerable period of time. There could, for instance, be no question of immediately withdrawing Occupation forces; and a German national army could only be considered when the stability and democratic character of the central Government had been clearly established. On the other hand, the German Social-Democrats should be told that the British Labour Party rejects their demands for Germany's 1937 frontiers.

Pacific Treaty-making

The Japanese Peace Treaty signed in Washington last Monday marks another step towards a strategic plan for the Pacific corresponding with N.A.T.O. in the Atlantic countries. The Japanese signatory closed the chapter on the second world war, and then started writing the history of the third by signing with America a Security Treaty which allows American troops to stay in his country. The Soviet Ambassador was not slow in pointing out that this shows America "is fast converting Japan into an American bridgehead in the Far East." Japan's second treaty was with America's ally Chiang Kai-shek, renouncing all special interests and rights in China. To complete this Pacific strategy, America signed military alliances with Australia and New Zealand. But greater significance must be attached to the countries which have not signed the Japanese Peace Treaty. Asian Governments only recently freed from Western Imperialism are not willing to accept a new military bondage. Concerned with trade and friendly inter-Asian relations, they are making their own treaties with Japan. India is shortly to sign a peace treaty, with a trade agreement to follow. Burma will sign a treaty during the first fortnight of May in which reparations will be an important item. The new Indonesian Government is likely also to make a treaty, and to forget the highly unpopular signature given earlier in San Francisco by a Foreign Minister who subsequently resigned. Meanwhile, in Japan itself a movement is growing against the rearmament of Japan. It urges non-aggression pacts with Asian countries, especially China.

Central African Federation

The official conference on federation has apparently reached agreement on changes in the original proposals: of these changes, the most important seems to be abolition of the proposal to have an African Minister in the central Government, and instead to set up an "African Affairs Board" with specific powers. This is a concession to White settler opinion which objected to an African Central Minister on the curious but illuminating grounds that he would be "a cuckoo in the nest." African delegations in London have meanwhile reasserted their opposition to all proposals for federation, since, as they have repeatedly said, they can have no faith in paper safeguards. And on Tuesday, replying to Mr. James Griffiths in a debate on federation initiated by the Opposition, the Colonial Secretary said that the "final conference" on federation would after all not be able to take place in July. Before that conference takes place, Mr. Lyttelton said, he or Mr. Lennox-Boyd would visit Central Africa.

Transport Puzzle

The debate on Transport did little to clarify the Government's professed purpose of lowering charges. A subsidy was specifically ruled out; but Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe suggested no alternative method of protecting the travelling public at large, beyond a vague reference to the obligation of private enterprise to "satisfy its customers individually or perish"—an observation which has little relevance to the long-term problem of the railways. The debate at least made it plain that the Government's intention was only to prevent increases "out of all proportion" to the general level of increase; and that the cost of this to the Transport Commission is likely to be as low as £2½m. So much for the illusion that Mr. Churchill's "bold action" had been sufficient to prevent the general increase. But even this limited objective is open to serious criticism. The highest proportionate increases may not be those which, in fact, bear hardest on individuals; and what justification can there be in logic for perpetuating a fare-structure in which a minority add to the burden of the majority by the enjoyment of what is admittedly a disproportionately low share of the essential cost?

School Dentistry: A Rival Plan

The proposal in the Dentists' Bill to meet part of the shortage in the school dental service by training a new class of auxiliary dental workers has the great defect that it cannot in the nature of the case produce any results for at least three years. An alternative plan now being canvassed in the dental profession promises much speedier relief. What is proposed is that the normal dental curriculum should remain at its present length, but that the final six months should be spent in training on the job in the school dental service. This short apprenticeship would be followed by a compulsory period of two years' service either in the Forces' dental service or in the schools; and no one would be allowed to take up health service practice or private practice as a dentist until this service had been completed. The effect would be to stop the influx of new dentists into these branches for two years, but in the meantime to provide in the first year of the plan an inflow sufficient to put the school dental service well on the road to adequacy, and to solve the problem in the second year. This is surely a much more satisfactory way of going about the matter than the "echelon" scheme proposed in the Bill.

Open Court

The Windsor Juvenile Court justices probably had the best of motives the other day, when about to try a case in which a number of children were accused of indecent behaviour. They refused to admit a woman reporter from the *Windsor, Slough and Eton Express*; and when that enterprising newspaper briefed Lord Hailsham to demand that it be admitted to the adjourned hearing, they became involved in an acrimonious dispute. In the end the paper was allowed to report the case. The Statutes that govern juvenile courts authorise the exclusion, for good reason, of everyone except the officers of the court, the parties and witnesses, *and the press*. There is seldom anyone else present—the general public are not admitted anyway. The justices should not be anxious about what may get into the newspapers: that is controlled by the Judicial Proceedings (Regulation of Reports) Act, 1926, which forbids them to report anything calculated (by the Attorney-General) to "injure public morals." But incidents of this kind serve to emphasise the need for a thorough inquiry into the whole question of reporting criminal trials—and especially reporting the preliminary hearing of an indictable offence. Since 1848, English magistrates have been empowered to conduct the preliminary hearing of (for example) a murder charge *in camera* (as is done without mishap in Scotland). They dare not do so because of the suspicion they would provoke. Yet pre-trial publicity has probably destroyed many a prisoner's chance of getting an unbiased jury.

The Irish Budget

A Correspondent writes: Nearly a month has passed since Mr. MacEntee presented his Budget to the Dail; and during that time the storm of protest it aroused has scarcely abated. The Opposition is making the most of its opportunity, and it seems fairly certain that an appeal to the country cannot be long delayed. Public and vocational bodies all over the country have protested against the Budget, and baton charges have followed speeches in O'Connell Street. The Irish Housewives' Association have sent a deputation to the Dublin City Council; their principal objection was to the reduction of the food subsidies. Mr. Norton, Leader of the Labour Party, has described the Budget as "the most savage, vicious and anti-working class Budget ever introduced in this country." At a Cork meeting under the auspices of the biggest Opposition party, Fine Gael, Senator O'Higgins said that the unbridled savagery of the Budget exposed it as Fianna Fail's revenge on the people for having put them out of office in 1948; and Deputy

Collins (a nephew of Michael Collins) called it an outrageous, spiteful production and he said that it showed a reckless disregard for the economic well-being of the country.

On the other side, the Minister for Posts and Telegraphs, Mr. Erskine Childers, has been outstanding in defending the Budget. He said that the Opposition had successfuly fooled the people for three years, and that Marshall Aid had been grossly mis-spent. Meanwhile the Irish T.U.C. issued a statement; its National Executive did not doubt, despite suggestions to the contrary, that the estimates were made as accurately as possible. Nevertheless they argued that a risk might have been taken and that a Budget deficit was legitimate at the present time. The Irish T.U.C. broadly agrees with the trends in British Budgetary policy since the end of the war. Yet, paradoxically, there is common ground among those who oppose the present Budget that its inspiration was British. Mr. MacEntee travelled to London to see Mr. Butler a fortnight before the Irish Budget Day; much has been made of that visit. In Ireland, as in Britain, the taxpayer will pay more for petrol; he will pay less income tax, but food will cost him more. Assistance benefits, including children's allowances, will rise.

Will Mr. de Valera ask for a dissolution in the near future? Early in June there will be a by-election in East Limerick, a Government seat. It is believed in Dublin that Fianna Fail will lose the seat to a Fine Gael candidate, standing with Inter-party support. The loss of a seat would in any case be a serious matter for the Government; but in the present situation, it would be taken as a major vote of "no confidence." Mr. de Valera could not delay an appeal to the country if the anti-government majority in East Limerick should be a large one. In November, 1947, the Fianna Fail Supplementary Budget was mild in comparison with the 1952 Budget. Yet in three months the Fianna Fail party was in opposition after sixteen years of office, and a coalition of the combined Opposition parties formed a Government. Allowing for an inevitable loosening in inter-party discipline in opposition, there can be no question that an alternative Government to Fianna Fail still exists; and on balance it looks as if the 1952 Budget will, as the 1947 one, herald the end of the Fianna Fail government.

Catching Up with the Times

Our Scottish Correspondent writes: The Scottish T.U.C. at its recent meeting faced facts when, after the ritual defeat of the Left on "doctrinal" resolutions, it turned to industrial matters. The policy of wage restraint under the Labour Government was thrown overboard; there was unanimous approval for the General Council resolution supporting all wage demands by the unions to meet the advancing cost of living. The Tory Government—"a calcified caucus"—had, it was said, forfeited the right to consideration in the matter of restraint: "it had not only accepted that prices would rise, but encouraged them to rise. The Budget had deliberately lowered the standard of living of the working people." And it was obviously to the liking of delegates so recently disunited when the General Council spokesman roundly declared that the political challenge would also be met: "The Government might be brought down, not in two or three years, but in two or three months." The prophecy may be optimistic, but it shows the way the industrial wind is blowing from the North. Similarly, in a resolution opposing denationalisation, the Government was warned that "the attempt to hand back the profit-making section of public industry to private hands . . . will have to face the hostility of the entire trade union movement." The scandalous condition of Scottish housing—"the death-rate for young women was 80 per cent. higher than in England, a reflection of overcrowding"—provoked no fewer than 23 resolutions, and the Congress called on the whole trade union movement to make the demand for more housing a "first priority."

PARIS

Pinay: Slow Progress

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The economy cuts totalling £110 m. and the £95 m. of "suspensions" decided on by the Pinay Government last week-end mean the scrapping or suspending of important public works, such as power stations, the freezing of housing programmes, and the reduction in the number of schools to be built. As for the drop in the cost of living, which is the corner-stone of the Pinay experiment, the most that can be said for the present is that there has been a certain stabilisation of prices, but no real drop—except in a few cases where the Government could directly impose it, notably by reducing transport dues, as in the case of pigs. But this is small stuff; and the policy of "persuading" producers and wholesalers to cut their prices spontaneously has met with practically no response so far.

Many observers believe that the "liberal" M. Pinay may find himself compelled, before very long, to attempt the "strong manner." Something fairly spectacular will have to be achieved before the end of May, when the Assembly meets again; for not only are the Socialists and Gaullists increasingly critical, but the M.R.P., who are in the Government, are feeling uneasy; and, unless there is a fall in prices, the question of the sliding-scale—shelved for the present at M. Pinay's insistence—is bound to be raised again, with M.R.P. support. Not that this means that Pinay will be overthrown; the prevalent feeling in the country—as is, indeed, shown by the success of the Right-wing, non-Gaullist parties in this week's election of senatorial delegates—is that Pinay should still be allowed to show what he can do; but his credit is not unlimited. The trade unions, though passive for the present, are not too pleased to find the "saving of the franc" being increasingly used as an excuse for refusing legitimate wage claims; thus, in Alsace, the metal-workers were refused on this ground a cost-of-living bonus which had previously been granted to the metal-workers in the neighbouring Moselle Department. M. Bouladoux, of the C.F.T.C. (Catholic trade unions), has denounced Pinay's talk of cutting prices as "merely a screen for a reactionary policy."

But "give him a chance" nevertheless continues to be the prevalent slogan, and this seems to apply even to Tunisia. Numerous arrests continue to be made in the Regency; students and schoolboys keep on demonstrating; but the tone of the Paris press—even of a paper like *Combat*—continues to be very reserved. A Mixed Commission for granting Tunisia "generous" reforms is being set up; but who is to preside over it is still uncertain. The candidature of the mildly Left-wing M. Edgar Faure, the former Premier, met with sharp opposition from M. de Hauteclocque, the Resident-General. Germany is, of course, also causing the Pinay Government, and particularly M. Schuman, some anxiety. Critics of the European Army see all their worst suspicions confirmed by Dr. Adenauer's latest remarks to the effect that a United Germany would not be bound by West-German commitments. M. Palewsky, speaking for the Gaullists, said no French Parliament would be crazy enough to ratify the European Army in such conditions.

WESTMINSTER

Softening-up the Government

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Government Front Bench now wears a much-battered appearance, while its other ranks seem glum and demoralised. The humiliating *débâcle* over the Army Act, the inability of Government supporters (Mr. Iain MacLeod honourably excepted) to contain the Opposition on the National Health Service Bill, the mystery of the apparent liquidation of the Minister of Transport, and the embarrassment of Sir Thomas Dugdale at being unable, for one reason or another, to answer the most obvious Opposition questions about the cost of his new rates of farm subsidy, have all combined with a number of lesser misfortunes to rob the Government of any intrinsic stiffness it ought to enjoy as a new broom.

The system of "overlords" is clearly not working well. The incident of the farm subsidies was a failure to co-ordinate, at least in the House, the departments of Food and Agriculture. Where an overlord does exercise his authority, the consequences may be even more unfortunate. Mr. Maclay, who is both able and knowledgeable, has found that the suzerainty of Lord Leathers, deflected on major issues by the imperial caprice of Mr. Churchill, has produced Departmental stresses which have driven him into a nursing home. But the anomalous position of the overlords is not the only cause of the trouble. Mr. Crookshank, crafty Parliamentarian though he is, has shown that he is incapable at present of managing the business of the House with the degree of competence necessary to secure the comfortable passage of Government business in the teeth of an alert Opposition. The County Council elections and the imminent threat of the Boroughs have further bedevilled the Government, who are evidently reluctant to show too much of their hand until after the electors have settled their annual account.

The Opposition is naturally in high spirits. Principal credit for a long list of tactical successes goes to back-benchers. Messrs. Bing, Paget, Hale, Wigg and Wedgewood Benn have all shown great ingenuity and erudition on procedural matters; on wider issues, the burden has naturally been more evenly shared, Mr. Michael Stewart and Mr. Messer making notable contributions to the Army and National Health debates respectively. On the Front Bench Mr. Morrison and Mr. Callaghan have both shown that they at least — unlike Mr. MacNeil — appreciate the tactical value of the back-bench commandoes.

But the Opposition is not without its problems. So far, its successes have been little more than tactical, though achieved with far greater skill and judgment than was shown by Mr. Boothby's "harriers" in the last Parliament. There remains the problem of policy. If the Opposition are thinking in terms of an early election (and those who reject an implicit coalition must do so), they have to admit that it is not yet possible for the country to discern a clear line of alternative policy, acceptable to Labour as a whole. Individual links in this chain are being gradually forged. Central Africa, Textiles, the Health Service and Transport, are, for instance, matters on which the Party has spoken coherently. Others will follow. But time is the enemy. The tactical process of "softening up" the Government must logically be aimed at forcing Mr. Churchill to go to the country before he is actually defeated on an issue of confidence in the House. In that event, the Labour Party must be agreed on at least the main lines of how to exploit its victory. Otherwise it will gravely discredit both itself and Parliamentary government.

Two Months to Doomsday

"If everything goes according to schedule, June 20 should be our Doomsday." I could not help feeling irritated by the Teutonic self-pity of my German friend's political discourse. It was my first day in Bonn, and we were sitting in the brilliant Spring sunshine, sharing a bottle of wine on a Rhine terrace. For just a week or two, in springtime, this unbearably stuffy West German capital is a place of fresh beauty. Why spoil it with Wagnerian rant?

When I said goodbye to him a few days later I realised that I had done my friend an injustice. He had not been ranting. Unless something quite unexpected happens, the future of Germany will have been decided by mid-June—against negotiations to-day and in favour of an imposed solution to-morrow. Moreover, as I learnt in Bonn, it will be the Western Powers who will be responsible for deliberately preventing a Four-Power conference. True enough, the home public is smoothingly assured that America, Britain and France are only too ready to negotiate with the Russians: that it is simply and solely the Kremlin's intransigeance which is frustrating German unity. But in private conversations no one in Bonn, whether German, British or American, troubles to keep up this pretence. "May not the Russian proposals be genuine? Should we not at least test them?" I asked one British official. "But you don't understand," he said. "The Russians may be seriously prepared to permit the creation of an independent German Government by free elections, and that would destroy all our plans for a German contribution to Western Defence."

I can well understand the feelings of the British and American officials concerned. In New York last September, the plan for integrating Germany politically and militarily into Western Europe was agreed by Mr. Acheson, M. Schuman and Mr. Morrison, and since then these officials have been slaving to make it work. In Paris, the French, German, Italian and Benelux experts have been drafting the E.D.C. Treaties, which will provide the framework for German rearmament. In Bonn, Dr. Adenauer and the High Commissioners have been busy on the parallel and infinitely more complex task of producing the Contractual Agreement for ending the occupation of Western Germany. Now, after months of effort, both negotiations have reached their very last stage, and have developed into a desperate race to meet the exigencies of the American Constitution. The date-line is determined by the American presidential campaign, which demands that Senators shall be back in their States early in July. For the American Senate to ratify the Contractual Agreement, therefore, all the European ratifications must be completed by June 20. For the European ratifications to be completed by June 20, the Treaties and the Agreement must be signed by May 20, when Mr. Acheson has already indicated that he will be in Bonn. If this time-table is not strictly observed, American ratification will have to be postponed until next February, and the German Defence Contribution would be put off for a year. And that, as we shall see, would probably mean for ever.

The Russian proposal, of course, was carefully timed to dislocate this time-table. Its aim was to strengthen the Social Democrats' opposition and, very much more important, to split the Government Coalition. For this second purpose it had to appeal strongly to German nationalist sentiment. This, no doubt, explains the Russian offer of a national army to a united Germany, independent of both Blocs.

No one, of course, expected Dr. Adenauer and the three High Commissioners to take the Russian offer seriously. It merely caused them to redouble their efforts to keep to the time-table. When I referred in conversation to the suggestion, first made in *The Times*, that it might be wise to complete the agreements but to suspend signature until we had sat down with the Russians, I was always met with the same reply. On this point Dr. Adenauer, who has achieved an astonishing ascendency over the High Commissioners, has the last word. His view, I was informed by one of his cronies, was that *The Times*' proposal would deal a deadly blow to the future of Western civilisation. "It is now or never. If integration is postponed beyond this summer, no one can guarantee that West Germany will not succumb to Communist subversion or that America may not lose interest and pull out. And without American support there will be starvation and ruin in our poor country within weeks."

Dr. Adenauer (as I could feel for myself as I panted after him up his steep, hillside rose garden) bears his 74 years well. As Lord Mayor of Cologne before 1933, he ran the City, with charm and ruthlessness, as a one-man show. He uses the same methods as Chancellor, dispensing with collective Cabinet responsibility and taking all decisions on his own. Like Mr. Chamberlain—another Lord Mayor—he has entered on foreign affairs late in life and with a contempt for professional diplomats, backed by a few simple articles of faith. These include (1) the Rhinelander's provincial attitude to German unity (every time his night train to Berlin crosses the Elbe, a C.D.U. politician told me, the Chancellor turns over in his sleeping car and mutters, "We are entering a foreign country"); (2) a horror of Bolshevism, which expresses itself in lectures on a (largely imaginary) network of Communist conspiracy throughout Western Germany; (3) a Catholic pessimism, which makes him treat his people as a spiritually sick nation, which must be led into paths of Western righteousness even against its will; and (4) a categoric belief in the necessity for appeasing the United States.

Such a man was, of course, ideally suited to American requirements, once the decision had been taken to rearm Germany by means of a contribution to the European Defence Community. The very reverse of a nationalist, the Chancellor is a *Klein-Deutscher* who believes in a united, clerical Europe, extending from Lisbon to the Elbe; and he realises that a united Germany would include an anti-clerical majority. Naturally, he is widely admired by Frenchmen, whose one fear is a united Germany, and by those Englishmen who fondly believe that Germans can be rendered permanently useful and harmless if they can be thrust into the strait-jacket of a Catholic-dominated Western Union.

I have found very few even of Dr. Adenauer's colleagues who supported his extreme views. Indeed, there is probably a majority in his Cabinet who would like to postpone integration and German rearmament for the sake of a Four-Power conference. So far, however, these recalcitrants have been successfully disciplined by the Chancellor's firmness on the Saar issue and his disingenuous public declarations in favour of negotiations with the Russians. But very soon the details of the Contractual Agreement will be revealed for the first time to the party fractions. Then there may well be trouble, particularly if the Russians make yet another offer. Most Germans, unaware of what has been going on behind closed doors, assume that this Agreement will mean the end of Occupation. They are in for a big disappointment when they see the mass of restrictions on their sovereignty which the Agreement imposes, and realise that a large part of the Occupation costs, which they so fiercely resent, will still be borne by the West German Exchequer as part of its Defence contribution.

This, of course, is the moment for which the Socialists are waiting. They openly abhor Adenauer's Rhineland clericalism, and, in return, he tries to smear them as dangerous "nationalists." What they actually represent is a perfectly healthy revulsion against a plan of Western Europe integration which will leave 18,000,000 Germans under Russian control and without any prospect of deliverance except by war. Under suitable guarantees, the Socialists are willing to see the Allies testing the Russians by taking their offer at its face value; and they would be ready to run "the risk" of postponing German rearmament if that risk would really bring free elections and, in due course, the withdrawal of both the Eastern and the Western forces from their country. A united Germany, they say—even if it were militarily neutral and traded extensively with the East—could remain politically part of the West, provided it was a genuine democracy with a will to independence. In Germany, this means provided there is a Left majority with a democratic Socialist policy.

The trouble for the Socialists is that they are opposed not only by the Adenauer Coalition, with its slender Parliamentary majority, but by the vast and present power of the American High Commissioner and his two subaltern allies, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick and M. François-Poncet. The fact that German public opinion is against rearmament and Western integration is apparently regarded as irrelevant. But it may be worth recalling some of the recent findings of the most reliable public opinion poll:

Q: "Which is the more urgent, the unification of the East and the West Zones or European integration?"
A: 55 per cent. for unification, 27 per cent. for European integration, 18 per cent. no opinion.

Q: "Do you think it right that there should be German divisions in a European Army?"
A: 38 per cent. Yes, 39 per cent. No, 23 per cent. no opinion.

Q: "Do you approve of conscription?"
A: 32 per cent. Yes, 47 per cent. No, 21 per cent. no opinion.

Q: "Would you feel it right to become a

soldier again, or that your son or husband should become a soldier again?"

A: 13 per cent. Yes, 75 per cent. No, 12 per cent. no opinion.

Q: "Which do you personally think more important, that we Germans should get on well with the Americans or be neutral?"

A: 30 per cent. "Get on well with the Americans," 48 per cent. "Be neutral," 12 per cent. no opinion, 1 per cent. "Get on well with the Russians."

These figures indicate clearly enough yet another reason why the Americans and Dr. Adenauer are determined to prevent negotiations with the Russians this summer and to railroad ratification through at almost any cost. Elections are due in West Germany next year, and the nearer they approach, the more reluctant will the members of Dr. Adenauer's Coalition parties be to do something which outrages the majority of the electors. It is only so long as the will of the people can be disregarded with relative safety that the Bundestag will dare to ratify. If the time-table breaks down this summer, the European Defence Community will be dead as a doornail, and no one will dare to try to resurrect it. For Mr. McCloy and Dr. Adenauer it is literally now or never.

The decision is still in the balance. Despite its desperate sense of dependence on America, and despite Dr. Adenauer's enormous personal authority, the Bundestag is wavering. It would swing against ratification if only there were the prospect of talks this summer at which the sincerity of the Russians could at least be tested. We still have eight weeks before Doomsday—eight weeks during which a firm British demand for an immediate Four-Power conference could mean that Doomsday was indefinitely postponed.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

THE Archbishop of York has heard from correspondents in Korea about the effects of the napalm bomb; he may have read the peculiarly horrible description of a man who had lost all his limbs, and was completely flayed, and yet lived. He has apparently decided that skinning your enemies alive is not compatible with the Christian duty of loving them. He therefore suggests that napalm bombing should be outlawed. He must really push his thought a little farther. If he also condemns atom bombing, ought he not to pronounce against the making of atom bombs in this country at the moment? Soon atom bombing becomes tolerable in view of the far greater terror of the hydrogen bomb! Where does he draw the line? He must make up his mind, otherwise he is easily answered by the blunt American soldier, who replied to him "An inhuman weapon? War is inhuman."

* * *

Some years ago a high-powered Committee suggested as one remedy for the decay of the Church of England a new Anglican journal as well written as the *N.S. & N.*! Amongst current comments I have noted that the Church should advertise on a big scale; the churches are not "matey" enough; and the level of the entertainment offered is not sufficiently novel or bright. Or a similar point is often made by blaming motor cars and cinemas for providing rival Sunday attractions. The one thing religious persons seldom say is that when people still believed in the authority of the Bible story, in the efficacy of prayer and the reality of the next life, they went to church, and that if they no longer do so it is because we no longer believe that the alternative is to go to hell. The B.B.C. is run by people who understand this. Why don't they substitute for what is so often vain repetition, serious, lively and honest discussion of religious issues? St. Martin-in-the-Field has set a good example by playing *The Vigil* before the altar. Here is first-class dramatic discussion of the central issue of the Resurrection. There is no pretence that the story as told in the Gospels is not one which thoughtful people have every right to argue about and disbelieve. By hearing religious persons freely discussing the historical issue, some people, who regard the story of the Resurrection as just one of the similar stories common to many religions, may be led to ask themselves whether there remains in the legend something of genuine spiritual value.

* * *

Twenty-six years ago, after the General Strike, the Dundee publisher, D. C. Thomson, decided to have no truck with trade unions. All his employees have known that trade union membership was an invitation to dismissal. Sometimes called the "Northcliffe of the North," Thomson has built his non-union house into what is probably the largest publishing empire in the country. He issues a stream of papers, ranging from children's comics such as *Beano*, *Dandy* and *Rover*, to *Red Letter*, *My Weekly*, and newspapers such as the *Sunday Post* and *Dundee Courier*. Thomson boasted that he had slammed the door on trade unionism. Now, it seems that the door must have been ajar, and a Trojan Horse has been smuggled in. Some 74 members of the Glasgow printing staff had secretly joined the National Society of Operative Printers and Assistants, and when one of their members was dismissed, they came out into the open and they struck just as the presses were about to roll on the *Sunday Post* two weeks ago. Thomson is now faced with a determined effort to break his "open shop" rule. I see that the National Union of Journalists has "blacked" all copy for Thomson's, and has instructed its members not to send news or photographs to any of its publications. The Transport Workers are not to handle material for the firm, and the matter is coming before the Miners' Executive, which has "alerted" its members. It is even possible that the railway unions may become involved, and with them British Railways. Then we might see Churchill—in his new role of transport overlord—intervening to rescue D. C. Thomson. What an ironic twist! When Winston lost his Dundee seat in 1922 to Neddie Scrymgeour, the Prohibitionist, it was less the Demon Drink that beat him than D. C. Thomson, who conducted a bitter campaign against Churchill, once his protegé. I think neither has forgiven the other for the dirty linen washed thirty years ago.

* * *

Taking part in an *Any Questions* programme the other night I learnt that many listeners still believe that the team have some glimpse of the questions before the session begins. Television, of course, will dissipate such notions because viewers will see the puzzled faces on the platform as the Great Brains search for a smart answer to a deliberately silly question. The difficult questions are always easy to answer, and the chief enjoyment of the audience, I'm told, lies not in listening to a good answer but in watching the team floundering about in search of one. The only artificial thing about the programme is the organised applause before the questions begin. After that, no hints are needed. The listeners are in a good mood because for the start it's Freddie Grisewood's job to warm them into a receptive mood. He has evolved a perfect technique of loosening up. Part of the process the other night was to recall a past Brains Trust when a scientifically minded questioner who, wanting to know why, when she bottled plums, they rose to the top of the bottle, was told by Commander Campbell that he found it difficult to credit her statement because when he was bottled he couldn't rise at all.

* * *

How refreshing it is to hear a Prime Minister broadcast to the nation, not for Home Guards but for translators! I well remember the foundation of the Burma Translation Society one Sunday morning in the spring of 1948: it was the first Society after Burmese Independence and the Premier's special care. Since then a group of writers has translated and published an impressive list of works, most of them in a first run of 25,000 copies; another list is ready for printing. So far a variety of subjects has been covered; a "pocket series" on Uno and the Burmese Constitution "in plain language"; a University series on scientific and historical subjects; an "Enlightenment series" on bookbinding, the story of the atom bomb, Dale Carnegie's famous work *How to win friends and influence people*, and George Orwell's *Animal Farm*. A "Special Number" called *Beauty Queen* provides instruction on physical exercises for Burmese young women. But U. Nu (as Thakin Nu prefers to be called) wants more books so that his nation shan't "remain static as ignoramuses" and this means more translators. "This is indeed a matter of life and death to all of us," he explained; "every patriot worth the name must come forward and do whatever he or she is capable of in uplifting our backward peoples from the deplorable state they are in." His Government, he added, "has decided to spend on this scheme very liberally, and unprecedented rates of remuneration are contemplated." Not bad for a young nation which has had to face immense difficulties of post-war rehabilitation and internal rebellion.

* * *

You couldn't find room for more blossom on the pear trees or more buds on the apple trees. "How many calamities," I asked Mr. Park, "can happen to prevent our having a good crop of fruit?" "Well," said Mr. Park, "if you take the number of frosts we've had so far in April away from the number we had in March, that only leaves about three still to come, unless we had a frost on Sunday night, which I rather think we did. So the chances of the fruit getting nipped when it's just setting in May is a good deal better than it sometimes is." Then

we started trying to calculate how many insects and diseases could still afflict well-sprayed and healthy-looking trees. After that, Mr. Park got gloomy because there's the hail that will sometimes bruise a crop, and the July gales that may blow the fruit down, and then, if there's a drought, the wasps and birds will finish the job. By this time I was quite cheerful, but Mr. Park had the last word. "And don't forget the two-legged pests," he said, "who come and take any fruit that does ripen." So we discussed market gardens as an alternative, but by the time Mr. Park had done telling me about the slugs and other creatures that are cruel to cabbage I had decided to stick to my acre of fruit trees. CRITIC

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND

"No woman born does not admire a man ready to defend her."—General Slim.

Don't keep on asking me, sweet,
Would I admire you less
If you did not do your bit.
Yes, dear, you look smart and neat,
I like your new battledress . . .
Yes, I'll just stay home and knit.

Yes, dear, I do understand
Paratroops drop from the air
If they escape our ack-ack,
And the Home Guard must be there
Ready with weapon in hand,
Fighting off sudden attack.

Yes, I recall World War Two
When we expected a raid
And you stood guard on the coast . . .
Good-bye! They're waiting for you.
No, dear, I won't be afraid
While you are up at the Post.

Some people seem to expect
Rockets and Atom V-Threes,
But they're conceivably wrong.
No one should duty neglect
And wives will feel quite at ease,
Knowing the Home Guard is strong.

Learning to handle a gun,
Drilling to hurl back the foe—
That every husband enjoys.
No, dear, I don't grudge your fun,
For what do all women know?
Simply, that boys will be boys.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Blonde Lady Docker, 44, sadly sipped a martini and said: "I am distressed.

"Because we have not got those 591 acres back, we have had to move our little pigs from an inadequate barn to make room for our new calf. And, would you believe it—the little pigs bit the calf on the leg. I didn't know pigs had teeth."—Report in the *Daily Mirror*. (Miss J. Horne.)

Bullcroft branch of the National Union of Mineworkers decided to-day to join in the May Day celebrations at Doncaster next Sunday and to carry the branch banner with its slogan "Workers of the World Unite." The meeting also agreed to invite 31 suspended Italian miners to take part.—*Daily Telegraph*. (J. M.)

Required for New Floor Show, Attractive Show Girls. Able to move as well as do posing—maximum age 23 years.—Advert. in *The Stage*. (J. Scott.)

A guest house proprietor charged with permitting his premises to be used as a brothel told Norwich magistrates yesterday he was forced to accept American Service men to avoid going out of business.—*News Chronicle*. (S. J. Foster.)

The New West Africa

[This is one of a series of articles from the Gulf of Guinea in which our Special Correspondent describes the political and economic situation, and analyses the scope and strength of West African nationalism. Later articles will report in more detail on the Gold Coast and Nigeria.]

AIRWISE introduction to The Coast is a soft and sanitary affair compared with the old necessity of steaming slowly down "the loathsome darkness of the mangrove swamps," as Nevinson put it, and traipsing from Freetown to Man o' War Bay without the anti-malarial benefit of Paludrine. Even so, the climate is about as nasty as it could be. Abidjan, amid the lagoons of the Ivory Coast, with the tropical forest almost at the sea's edge, was a Turkish bath. "But just wait until you get to Lagos," said a sympathising pilot of Air France: "It's worse." Weeks later, at Sokoto in the savannahs of Northern Nigeria, the thermometer was to show 106 degrees in the shade; yet Lagos was the worst of all. "What is Cape Verde?" declaimed King Charles the Second, jibbing at the wants of merchant adventurers: "A stinking place." And yet Cape Verde, with the Atlantic breezes blowing in, was a paradise for caravels compared with the Bight of Benin where Lagos, snared among its swamped lagoons, lies putrid in the sun.

It is worth remembering just how long it took the Portuguese adventurers to creep round this coast. For many years they believed that men would turn black, once past Cape Bojador, or else burn up in fires of brimstone driven by consuming storms. After passing Cape Bojador in 1424, these Portuguese still needed fifty years to found their earliest fort on the Gold Coast. Once there, they went more quickly; but it was not until the end of the century that Vasco da Gama had turned the Cape of Good Hope. To-day, however, Air France will steer you in comfort round the Coast in a day or so. Cosseted and wined, you may reach Dakar within ten hours of Paris, and continue by one of several routes round the whole Gulf of Guinea and southward to the Congo. If pointful travel be your object, it is difficult to imagine better value for money. For the Gulf in these years has surely brought to birth the proverbial "new thing out of Africa": and cradles now the beginnings of an African civilisation which, though still unsure and ill-defined, is lusty enough to make its certain and far-reaching claim upon the future.

No doubt the outward scene remains much what it was. Cargoes at Accra and other open roadsteads still come shooting through the surf in arrow-like canoes that are fledged with wildly scooping oars; the rain forest along the coastal belt still harbours African societies which govern themselves by rules and cults that took their rise before the White man's coming: many of the old servitudes and semi-slaveries have scarcely weakened. But the outward scene is misleading. Even in the savannahs of the North, where cities red with dust still shut in the petty kings and tyrannies of the past, something is stirring that is new, impatient, peering eagerly into the future.

It might be easy enough, given the outward scene, to scoff at the achievements of West African progress towards the modern world. Anyone in England who wants to believe that "we are going too fast in West Africa" will have little difficulty in turning up the evidence to reassure him. Yet this evidence is not the evidence that matters in the scale of history. For it is the evidence of what is being left behind, and not of what lies in front. Nobody can be long in West Africa—and this applies to the French as well as British territories—without feeling the impact of a tremendous expectancy. Here is a world waiting to take shape: here are people building their future with their bare hands. You see it in the bigger towns along the Coast, from Dakar at one end to Lagos at the other. You see it in the countryside where villages build themselves dispensaries and maternity homes with money and labour freely given. You see it in the over-riding interest in politics, be it the politics of central or of local government. You see it in the mammoth growth of schools, the all-consuming drive for education, the unshakable conviction that learning will open almost any door upon a larger life.

In the British territories there is irony in the origins and direction of this growth and change. Through long years the British held in high respect the silent, orderly peoples of the Moslem North. These peoples, Hausa, Fulani, Bambara, a dozen others, were known to have had a long and lordly past. They had founded great empires whose history recedes through the writing of Moorish historians and by long tradition to the "White dynasty" which ruled over Ghana in A.D. 800, to the empire of Kankan Musa, to the long line of Songhai kings and emperors, and, more recently, to the *jihad* of 1804 which put the Fulani emirs in possession of what was to become, a century later, the Protectorate of Northern Nigeria. Compared with the naked pagans of the tropical forest to the south, these northern peoples seemed almost brethren. The British confirmed the tyrannies they found, and made these tyrannies still more rigid: to-day the emirates of Northern Nigeria resemble in miniature the erstwhile princely states of India, and the Emir of Katsina plays polo at Hurlingham. Having subdued the rulers of the North (who had in turn subdued the peoples of the North), the British attempted to apply the same pattern to the "chaotic South," where the densest populations of all Africa lived in ways of their own. This northern system of "indirect rule" through recognised chiefs was applied, in more or less degree, to the southern peoples. The dismal failure of this experiment in benevolent autocracy need not be related here: suffice it to say that the southern peoples have in time turned the tables on the British and the North. For it is from the South that the great drive and demand for progress and self-government have come. Having refused "indirect rule," the southern peoples are now projecting the notion of representative government into the stagnant and still resisting North.

This geographical point needs to be understood, since West Africa will not otherwise make sense. If you fly southward from Algiers you cross first of all the populated uplands of Barbary, the land of the Berbers, and then, along the southward fringe of these hills, you are into the empty Sahara. Far to the southward, on the other side of the Sahara, you come again over populated territory which stretches in a wide belt, having a type and culture of its own, all the way from Senegal on the Atlantic Coast to the empty spaces above Lake Chad. This belt of territory is the Western Sudan, known under many local names. Southward again, between the Sudan and the Coast, there is the tropical rain forest, varying in width and density but always sheltering peoples whose formation has ben radically different from those of the North.

Imperialism has cut right across these natural affinities and differences by chopping up West

Africa from East to West instead of from North to South, and, in so doing, has greatly complicated the problems of self-government. The process has also created some interesting parallels between French and British possessions. Thus it comes about that the small farmers and traders of the Gold Coast and the neighbouring Ivory Coast should each have thrown up much the same political movement—the Convention People's Party in the first, and the Rassemblement Démocratique Africaine in the second—while further to the eastward, in southern Nigeria, there are the broadly comparable (in aim if not in organisation) Action Group and National Convention of Nigeria and the Cameroons. None of these parties or groups —except to some extent the R.D.A. in some of the French territories—is more than palely reflected in the somnolent political life of the Western Sudan.

The speed at which many of these peoples are moving towards the modern world needs to be seen to be believed. Perhaps the pace looks faster than it really is, if only because the outward trappings of African life are severely simple, and simple is a word which is sometimes mistaken to mean primitive. You come upon a string of villages lost in the rain forest: they are groups of thatched huts half-hidden among the palms and undergrowth. There is absolutely no evidence of the past, no sign of history or of any kind of record, no monument, no gravestone; and it is only later that you begin to discover just how complex, and how carefully weighed, are the customs and the checks and balances of these tropical societies.

How otherwise explain, for example, the village of Mgbida? Until three years ago, Mgbida had no exit to the outside world except a narrow footpath through tangled forest. Then Mgbida, almost overnight as it seemed, was taken with the desire to catch up with life. One of its "sons abroad," a teacher in Calabar, was recalled to "put the affairs of our village in order." Together with other "sons abroad" recalled to other villages, and encouraged by a little group of enlightened administrative officers under the leadership of a remarkable man, E. R. Chadwick, this teacher organised the building of a four-mile road which should connect Mgbida with the nearest provincial highway. For two years the people of Mgbida laboured at their road, working for nothing and learning as they worked: to-day lorries can go right into Mgbida. This village then went on to build itself a school, a water-collecting tank (which gives a daily average of three or four gallons of clean spring water for every one of the 600 inhabitants), and a four-bed maternity home where they maintain the services of a qualified midwife at the scheduled wage of four pounds a month. When I was there they were clearing the site for a senior department for their primary school, so that some of the sons and daughters of Mgbida may be sure of qualifying for entry into secondary schools and then, perhaps, into a university.

Mgbida is not an exception but one of hundreds of villages in Southern Nigeria which have done as much or more. The achievements of these villages show better than anything else the speed and determination with which the leading peoples of West Africa are adjusting themselves to social and political change. A colonial policy which channelled these energies into a clear and single path might blow the legend of African inferiority into tatters in a decade. Does Britain have such a policy? Or are we more intent, as some Africans say, on just keeping the pressure below bursting point by the careful opening of one sluice gate after another, leaving these potential energies to drain away in waste?

Lagos, Nigeria. BASIL DAVIDSON

Italian Impressions

II. Cautious De Gasperi

Perhaps the main strength of the De Gasperi Government lies in the fact that, without being loved, he is personally not much hated by anybody except by the Fascists—and certain people in the Vatican. After six years in office, the 71-year-old Premier (who is now also Foreign Minister, since Count Sforza's recent resignation) has become almost an institution. However much one may criticise the Government's deflationary policy, it has at least avoided a sharp rise in the cost of living, with consequent acute popular discontent. Enjoying a large Demo-Christian majority in the Chamber, De Gasperi has been under no compulsion so far to compromise with either the Extreme Right or the (much more important) Extreme Left; yet he has been careful to antagonise neither beyond endurance.

For example, De Gasperi is a staunch supporter of the Atlantic Pact, the European Army and the Schuman Plan. Yet, when you get down to brass tacks, he has resisted American demands for an "abnormal" rearmament effort: the Defence budget amounts to some 650 milliard lire; but many politicians have told me that this is only "on paper," and that in reality it is a good deal smaller. Even the official figure amounts to not much more than 22 per cent. of the total budget, itself one-quarter of the national income. Indeed, De Gasperi is reputed to be "a neutralist at heart," very conscious of Italy's almost universal anti-war feeling. According to political gossip in Rome, he is said to have once remarked in the heyday of Marshall Aid: "Thank God we've got a large Communist Party, or the Americans wouldn't give us nearly as much money." A prominent Italian banker—of all people—also said to me: "Do you know what would happen in Italy if World War III broke out? We'd have a National Government, under De Gasperi, Togliatti and the Pope, whose job it would be to keep us out of it!" A wisecrack, of course, but significant.

A reform for which the De Gasperi Government claims great credit is its so-called Land Reform. The Right, including a large section of De Gasperi's own Party (the so-called Vespa Group, amounting to about one-quarter of the Party) have strongly protested against "betraying the sanctity of landed property." Actually the Reform so far amounts in practice to very little. Its *general* principle has not yet been voted by either House, and it is, in fact, an *ad hoc* measure that was originally to apply only to certain parts of Calabria, but which, by way of "sample," is also being applied in two or three other places in Italy.

The underlying idea is that badly run estates are to be expropriated and sub-divided amongst landless peasants, usually with large families. A number of *Ente* (or "Boards") have been set up, and up to January 1 last 164,000 hectares were expropriated (less than one-quarter of the total planned), but of these only 43,000 were actually handed over to peasant families, after their plots had been—more or less—provided with houses and equipment. The expropriated landlord has, of course, to be repaid over a number of years; and, according to a recent ruling of the Council of State—a ruling which some have described as the "death-knell" to the whole scheme—he may also appeal against the expropriation. Against this decision of the Council of State the Government is appealing to the Court of Cassation—so the matter is still very much in suspense. But in any case, out of the 750,000 hectares for which the Reform originally provided, only a very small proportion has actually been handed over, and the number of families settled on the land under the scheme is only a matter of a few thousand.

This typifies the Government's general economic policy, which some critics have described as a sort of "*immobilisme*." Since 1947-48 Italy has indeed pursued a deflationary policy, with a sharp reduction in capital investments and public works. The result has been complete failure to solve the problem of unemployment. To quote Signor Amaduzzi, a prominent official of the C.G.I.L.:

> Things became so bad that in February, 1950, we held a conference which proposed that a policy of public investments be adopted, consisting of the setting up of hydro-electric plants, public works in Southern Italy, and a great housing programme.
>
> The most important result was the setting up by the Government of the *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno*—a fund for developing Southern Italy at the rate of 100 milliard (£60 m.) a year over a 10-year period. Our plan was fairly adequate, and the C.G.I.L. received great credit on all sides for having launched the idea. But the Government, while agreeing to many features of our scheme, suspended a lot of other public works—so the net advantage to the country as a whole, was very small.

Italian trade unionism is fairly strong. In 1947, the Left-wing C.G.I.L. had 6½ million members; now it has about 5 million. Since the departure from the Government of the Communists and Nenni Socialists rival federations have been formed—the most important being the Catholic C.I.S.L. with a membership of 1½ million, mostly amongst Government officials. It includes also a good number of women, notably in the textile industry—many of them young girls living in hostels run by nuns. The Social-Democratic Federation, the U.I.L., with a membership of about 250,000, has no hold except in Piedmont. There is now also a budding Neo-Fascist Trade Union Federation.

One of the paradoxical impressions one gets in talking to some trade unionists is that, despite their absolute anti-Fascism, they are willing to recognise that the Mussolini regime laid the basis for what may eventually develop into a Welfare State in Italy. It was Mussolini who laid the foundations for old-age, sickness and unemployment insurance, and for family allowances; and some of these insurances—except unemployment —appear to be still working, the employer paying the bulk of the contributions. Family allowances, it is true, are much smaller than in France, and work out at only 2,500 to 3,000 lire per child per month—an important consideration, nevertheless, amongst the very poor in the South. In small industries, and in artisan workshops, there is a lot of evasion of insurance dues.

Wages are, on the whole, low—with a "national average" of 26,000 lire a month. Some "heavy" workers earn as much as 40,000 lire, but mill-girls make only 16,000. The great problem, however, is unemployment. The official number of registered unemployed is about two million; but, in addition, there are at least two million more working only a small part of the year—especially farm labourers and virtually landless peasants. Moreover, there are 500,000 young people who have never worked at all and have learned no trade. And out of the two million registered unemployed, only a small proportion receive regular State relief, which amounts to only 250 lire (barely 3 shillings) a day. This lasts for 26 weeks; after that, nothing.

Italian industry continues to stagnate through lack of investment, a very limited home market, and inadequacy of foreign outlets. Business men tell you that there is "no incentive to expand any industry"; the Marshall Plan might have aided reconstruction, but it provided for no expansion of markets, and, indeed, closed many of them,

notably in the East. Italy had "tried" the Argentine, Egypt, South Africa, Pakistan, but it had no *sure* markets, and was, moreover, beginning to suffer more and more from Japanese and German competition. There is unquestionably a real interest here in any possibility of opening up trade with Russia and China; and, whatever their ultimate or ulterior motives, the Russians have latterly been buying not only more oranges and lemons in Italy than before, but also considerable quantities of consumer goods, including high-grade woollen textiles.

With a yearly increase in the population by half a million, Italy must develop industrially or "bust." Apart from trade with the East, the Italian Left claim that if only capital could be found for improving living standards in Italy, there would be a large home market: there are millions of people in Italy still who have never used a bed-sheet or a toothbrush in their lives. To the Left, industrialisation, and a more modern agriculture, and the development of Eastern markets are the solution, not emigration. The experience of the Italian miners in England has not been encouraging, and has caused a lot of bad blood in Italy; and as for sending people to Australia (15,000 went last year) or to South America (where conditions are very unsatisfactory), it costs almost as much to send a family there as to "create a job for them" in Italy.

Meanwhile, unemployment remains a grim and tragic business. All one can say is that the employed are not much worse off than they were three years ago. This, on a short-term view, may perhaps be considered an achievement in the melancholy Europe of to-day. As a long-term policy, it gets Italy nowhere. Having suffered from six years of wear-and-tear, the De Gasperi Government is finding itself compelled to prepare for a very stiff political struggle for retention of power in Italy. And the ugliest challenge may come from the Right rather than from the Left.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Whom Heaven Prosper

TATTERED strips of waste paper for the great mills at Tovil, on the Medway, litter the beginning of Straw Mill Lane. But climb steeply, take the turning downwards to the left, and you are in the little valley of the Loose; green and sleepy, it might be 100 miles from Maidstone and mass production. Beside the stream are disused mills—Great Ivy and Bockingford Mill where in old days the wool of Kentish sheep used to be "bocked" (scoured) of its dirt. Halfway between these two lies Hayle Mill, built in 1810 and, save in details, little modernised. Here, in an ambience of agreeably un-American leisure, proceeds the patient making, by craftsmen, of fine paper—for the water-colour artist, the engraver of share certificates, and, if he can afford it, the writer of elegant *billets doux*. No wood-pulp here, none of the great revolving cylinders which Louis Robert of Esonnes invented 150 years ago and the Fourdriniers brought to England, and which now require forests to feed the greedy maw of the press with newsprint. Here the raw material, cotton and linen, is rags, and rags alone; and the making is exclusively by hand.

It is an ancient craft which seems to have spread from Spain to Italy and France in the 12th and 13th Centuries and thence northwards to Germany and the Low Countries. In England, one John Tate is known to have set up a paper mill near Stevenage about 1490, and his product was used for an edition of Chaucer. Paper-making came to Kent apparently about 1588 when a German, by name John Spielman, established a mill at Dartford under licence from Queen Elizabeth; and by the end of the 17th Century numerous paper mills were at work, including some set up in Scotland, on the Water of Leith, and in the valleys of the Northern Esk and the Aberdeenshire Don. The first beginnings of a mill at Eynsford, where some fine hand-made paper is still produced, date from 1648.

Supplies of raw material were a problem to the early paper-makers. In the 1690's a Scottish firm asked for an Act to prevent candle-makers using rags for wicks. This effort failed; but towards the end of the 18th Century the British Government actually legislated to prohibit the burial of the dead in cotton or linen shrouds, besides enacting duty-free importation of rags. The development of Lancashire after the Industrial Revolution helped, and so did the discovery in the 1770's of chlorine bleach, which made it possible to obtain white paper from rags which would otherwise have been too soiled or discoloured. Mass production of newsprint and other cheap papers would, of course, never have been feasible but for 19th Century inventions which led to mechanical wood pulp. Even to-day, for the few surviving makers of hand-made sheets, filling the rag store is an exacting job. At present high prices owners are slow to part with worn textiles, and there is keen competition for rags as industrial and domestic polishers.

Apart from unused material such as shirt-makers' clippings, the first link in the supply chain is the rag and bone man with his perambulating barrow. From him the dealers in rags obtain their supplies, which are roughly sorted, baled and consigned to the mills. There a much more elaborate process of grading takes place, so that each make of paper shall have its proper ingredients. Among cottons, there are "fines," clean white used garments, and "outshots," of similar texture but slightly soiled. Then there are linens and, for strong papers, cuttings from yacht sails: the Hayle Mill stock list, containing eighty or more separate grades of rags, reads like a collector's catalogue. And there is a curious social angle to the business. Too much chlorine bleach, even though it be meticulously washed out in the pulping process, "weakens" the rags from the paper-maker's point of view. So, for his best papers, he tries to get as many rags as possible from "socially select" areas such as cleanly Bournemouth or Bath, where the atmosphere is not impregnated by industrial smoke; and for top-notch paper, he seeks rags which have never been exposed even to the detergents of a modern laundry. The "cream" in the rag store at Hayle Mill, I was told, came from the outworn shirts of French peasants, whose wives had done all the washing in the waters of the Eure.

Duly sorted, the rags are cut up by women who work at benches on which a fixed sharp knife, against whose edge the rags are pulled, stands upright. At this stage, obviously extraneous matter, such as buttons and bits of celluloid, is discarded. The rags are then dusted in huge mechanical drums, and boiled for some hours to remove any grease and loosen the fibres. After that comes a second, still more careful, sorting by hand: unwanted, fatal oddments, such as bits of black thread or (worse still) pieces of nylon or elastic, have to be patiently picked out. This done, the material passes into the "breaking" tubs in which revolving blades chew the rags and rub out the fibre without destroying the strength, while clean water is continuously run in and the dirty water removed by a gadget called the "drum washer." It is at this stage that bleach is put in and scrupulously washed out until a chemical test is satisfied.

So far, apart from the managerial problem of selecting and blending the rags no great craft skill is involved. This begins when the "broken" rags, known at this stage as "half-stuff," are put, in carefully measured quantities, blended as required, into the "hollander"—a machine which was invented in the Low Countries towards the end of the 17th century. Here, for hours, the half-stuff is beaten into watery pulp—the length of the process and the pulp's consistency having to be nicely determined in accordance with the weight and length of fibre which is wanted for the particular paper to be made: the beaterman seems to rely on long experience and sensitive fingers to guide him. From the beater, the diluted pulp passes to the "stuff chests," and then through magnetic separators (lest there be any particles of iron in it) and traps to catch rubber and sand, into the "vat."

Round the vat, in which a "hog" keeps the stuff stirred, stands a team of three—vatman, coucher and layer. Their operations look simple, but—*experto crede*—they are much harder than you would think. The Society of Paper Makers insists on a five-year apprenticeship before issuing its Card of Freedom. The Guild, which the Society superseded in 1800, directed its members to work at night, lest the "mystery" be revealed; and even to-day the teams, who are paid collectively on a piece-work basis, more or less fix their own hours of work. The vatman has a mould—a wire sieve, the size of his sheet—held in a frame called the "deckle." The wires which form the surface of the mould are either woven, after the manner invented by John Baskerville in 1750, or "laid" between transverse twist wires. The watermark is formed by a reverse design in twisted wire on the mould's surface. To make the sheet, the mould is dipped into the stuff by the vatman, who tilts and "nurses" it so that the stuff flows evenly over the whole surface. Having shaken off surplus water, he places the mould on the "stay"—a sort of bridge alongside the vat. Thence, the deckle removed, it is picked up by the coucher, who first cants it on the "ass" to drain, and then presses it flat on a felt. On top of the deposited wet sheet he places another felt, and so on, until he has formed a "post" (pile) of alternate sheets and felt. The coucher then takes the post to a press, where a squeeze of about two tons per square inch takes out most of the water: much depends, in the final result, on the correct pressure.

In this operation the coucher is assisted by the layer, who subsequently takes the post out of the press and separates felts and sheets, which he stacks up into a "pack" on a little truck whose destination is the pack-parting room. There, unless it be rough-surface paper meant to retain the felt-marks, the pack spends twelve to twenty-four hours in another press, after which women parters "hoggle up" the corners of the now practically solid block and separate each sheet. After this process, which for some sorts of paper is done twice, or thrice, the paper goes to the drying loft. There, "spurs" (wads), each of about a dozen sheets, are placed on flat canvas stretched on frames known as "trebbles." On these, the paper is allowed to dry slowly and mature.

At this stage the sheets (now known as "water leaf") have still the consistency of blotting-paper. So, to acquire a "writing" surface, they are passed through a trough of animal size or gelatine. Partially cooled on a moving belt of felt, the sized paper is stacked and, next day, again parted and returned to the drying loft, from which it is taken in due course, stacked again and left for many weeks to mature and flatten. If a

Children sent to school at 6 a.m.

N.S.P.C.C. ACTS

At 6.15 a.m. on a bitterly cold December morning a man cycling home from night shift passed a school and heard sounds of crying. In the school yard he found three children with no overcoats on. They said they were waiting for the caretaker to arrive so that he could let them in to get warm at the pipes. The eldest child had had breakfast, but did not know if the others had. The man took the children's names and sent them home, telling them not to come back till school began.

THE N.S.P.C.C. INSPECTOR'S STORY

"I was able to locate the address and visited the house where at 11 a.m. the children were in the house downstairs only partly dressed, and the baby was in a dirty condition. The mother was in bed at this time. She got up and I saw her. I told her the nature of the complaint and she said the children liked to go out in the morning to play. I told her that was ridiculous at that time in the morning in the dark. I told her it appeared to me she was too lazy to get up to see to their wants and in future she was to get up and see that the children were properly cared for, washed and given breakfast before going to school, and further not to go until 8.45 a.m. as the school is only a hundred yards from the home. Special watch has been kept by the caretaker of the school and by the attendance officer on these children and no further complaints have been received."

This is a report of a typical case—and there are about 40,000 every year—dealt with by the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The Society prosecutes only in very bad cases. 9 cases out of 10 it solves by organizing practical help and advice.

The N.S.P.C.C. is not nationalised and depends entirely on voluntary gifts. Please send a donation NOW—before you forget—to the N.S.P.C.C., Room D39, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2

A **NEW** old-style pipe tobacco at 4/- an ounce

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

Come to the BRITISH

FOR PEACE & FRIENDSHIP

SHEFFIELD WHITSUN

Sports ★ Films ★ Music ★ Camp Fires

FOR THREE DAYS: MAY 31st TO JUNE 2nd

£3.10s. ALL IN

(Or 20s. if you bring your own tent & food.)

THE VOICE OF THE FUTURE MAKING SURE OF THE FUTURE! —Add YOUR VOICE too!

Send Today for FREE BROCHURE giving full details

TO THE FESTIVAL COMMITTEE
174 Uxbridge Road, London, W.12
Please send full details of the Festival to:—

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... (N.S.)

They are taking no avoidable risks with this golden crop—the wool for which nation will bid against nation. It's insured on the sheep's back, in the shearing shed, on truck and train and ship till it reaches the distant ports. British Insurance Companies cover it all the way.

BRITISH INSURED

British Insurance Companies back World Enterprise

Issued by the British Insurance Association

glazed surface is wanted, the paper is laid alternately with polished zinc plates, and this wad is placed between rollers which squeeze and apply a gentle friction. Then comes final inspection.

"Heaven prosper," said Tristram Shandy, "the manufacturers of paper." He must have had in mind the makers by hand of the lovely sheets which all book publishers would surely like to use for favoured volumes. To-day, such makers both deserve and need Sterne's prayer. Good paper, as I have seen at the Eynsford mill, can be made from rag in an intermittent mechanical cylinder mould—a sort of half-way house between the handicraft of the vatman and the high-speed continuous sheet of mass production. But "mould-made" has neither the strength, durability, nor the satisfying feel of true hand-made paper. It would be tragic if the vatman's craft died out—to the lasting loss both of the water-colour artist and fine colour-printers such as Ganymed. But under contemporary conditions the product is costly, the market narrow. Few enough people in this country care to use for their private correspondence hand-made paper bearing 33⅓ per cent. Purchase Tax, and poverty makes artists economical. At Eynsford I was told frankly that the production of hand-made paper could not be continued were it not for the profits derived from the mould-made output; and the perfectionist handicraft at Hayle Mill is, I suspect, subsidised to some extent by Hayle's sideline—the manufacture of filter papers for chemists.

This, too, involves craft of a sort. Women convert filter paper, by an ingenious hand process, into long thimbles which are baked hard and whose use by the official analyst you may invoke, I was told, if you suspect your milk is deficient in fatty content. But for all his professed satisfaction at thus serving the cause of science, I had a feeling that the friendly presiding genius of that Regency mill, of whose products John Tate, of Stevenage, would be proud, had rather that Heaven prospered him in a less deviously commercial way.

AYLMER VALLANCE

"These but the Trappings . . ."

"THINK on thy last end," we are told in the Scriptures, "and thou shalt never sin." Thought of our last end is indeed difficult to avoid in the United States, for a walk through any of its cities reveals an astonishing number of undertakers' establishments, or Funeral Homes, as they are more often called—buildings which are distinguished from their surroundings by their excellent state of repair and the obvious prosperity of their owners' businesses. This is not due to a very high death-rate—the thought which first leaps to mind—but rather to the fact that the American funeral is a longer and more complicated affair than is customary in the British Isles. And much more expensive. The handling of about thirty funerals per year is sufficient to keep a man with a small family in reasonable comfort while a very flourishing partnership can be run on an average of two hundred cases a year.

"Undertaker" is a word which is fast falling into obsolescence; it is replaced by the term "Funeral Director." To become a Funeral Director one must be a high-school graduate and must take a nine months' course at an approved college of Funeral Direction and Embalming—either preceded or followed by a two-year period of apprenticeship to a licensed Funeral Director. Intending owners of Funeral Homes usually become qualified embalmers as well, owing to public demand and to the fact that, in many States, for reasons of hygiene, the law compels embalming where the corpse is to be left unburied for more than 24 hours or where the death is due to one of 17 specified diseases. The subjects studied in the college courses are anatomy, chemistry, pathology, bacteriology, embalming, public health, mortuary law and business methods—after which the candidate presents himself for two separate State examinations, one for an embalmer's certificate and the other for a diploma in funeral direction. Practical evidence of skill at embalming must then be shown in one of the State hospitals.

Since the war, colleges of Funeral Direction have enormously increased their enrolments—in some cases by as much as 100 per cent.; the younger generation, not to mention the returning G.I.s, have seen "get rich quick" prospects in this profession. One university, indeed, now grants a special degree in Mortuary Science. The average price to pay for a funeral is roughly 450 dollars, but circumstances of religion and nationality play a larger part in determining the cost than the financial status of the deceased. Catholics want to have an impressive coffin to lay before the Altar during the Requiem Mass, and so spend considerably more than 450 dollars—often going as high as 850 dollars. Italians are especially sensitive on this point, and if 2,000 dollars is all they have left in the world the odds are that 2,000 dollars is the sum they will spend. Those who wish to economise, however, may spend as little as 250 dollars. This is rare; many people, through pride, insist on dying much more expensively than they have lived.

The coffins—"caskets" in American parlance—are the costly item. They are of amazing magnificence, richly lined with silks and velvets of all colours and combinations of colours, and padded to such an extent as to satisfy even the fairy-tale Princess whose body was so sensitive that she could feel the presence of a pea through twenty mattresses. Really beautiful mahogany coffins are priced at 1,500 dollars, but it is more usual to have them made of steel, either disguised as wood or covered with velvet. One very regal casket I saw at 650 dollars was in steel, covered with patterned purple velvet, cushioned and lined with pale blue silk, elaborately rucked and folded.

Funeral Directors also run a line in new clothes and, amongst the coffins, hang complete suits of clothes with shirts and ties, afternoon dresses, evening wear, and women's tailored suits—only shoes and stockings are missing from the collection. The one way these differ from normal clothes is that they have wider openings to facilitate the dressing of the corpse. An undertaker I spoke with made quite a point of this, but said that he much preferred to use clothes the deceased had worn when alive. With a hurt expression on his face he said: "They say we cut the clothes when we dress the cadaver, but that's not true. It's one of our strictest rules never to cut a garment unless it's been outgrown and then we ask for the consent of the nearest relative. It's a downright lie to say we cut their clothes."

Widowers apparently have a habit of resurrecting wedding-dresses for deceased wives of large dimensions and then refusing permission for any alteration of the garment. One old Negro whose wife died in the middle of a hot summer appeared with a new fur coat for the body. When the undertaker remonstrated with him for such extravagance he answered: "It was her most prized possession—she got it in a bargain sale this last spring and she never had a chance to wear it—I think at least she might wear it now." So she was buried in the month of July, dressed in furs, with an orchid in her buttonhole.

Funeral Homes were first started around about 1900, and are now accepted as a necessary labour-saver in American life. As soon as a person dies the Funeral Director is summoned and the body removed to his Funeral Home or Funeral Chapel. Here it is embalmed and dressed; special caps are put under the eyelids to prevent a sunken appearance, and the face and hands are made up with cosmetics. After being placed in the casket it is brought into a large room, well furnished with many comfortable chairs, where it remains for about three days. During this time it may be

WORKERS OF THE WORLD MARCH ON MAY DAY TOWARDS PEACE AND SOCIALISM

A complete report of World May Day activities will be published by the Information Bureau of the Communist and Workers' Parties in the Journal

"FOR A LASTING PEACE, FOR A PEOPLE'S DEMOCRACY!"

(Available on subscription only at 3d. a week direct from Rumania).

Send for a free specimen copy of this issue and full details of subscription rates from:—

Central Books Ltd.,
Dept. NAS, 2 Parton Street, London, W.C.1

Two books of outstanding interest

THE COST of HEALTH
FFRANGCON ROBERTS M.D.
Keenly discussed everywhere 16s.

TOWNSMAN'S FOOD
MAGNUS PYKE B.Sc., Ph.D.
What you eat and how you get it 15s.
TURNSTILE PRESS

SPAIN TRAVEL 19, Woburn Sq., W.C.1
BARCELONA, SITGES, COSTA BRAVA
Lazy fortnight with small informal party more interested in the people than being fashionable. Escorted not herded. £10 only taken from currency allowance. Send your vac. dates and ask for details.

SOVIET FILM PREMIERE
SOVIET LATVIA "U"
also **DONETS MINERS** "U"
Mon., May 5th, 7.30. Scala Theatre, W.1.
Tickets 1/6, 2/-, 3/- at Box Office on day.
Presented by Education Committee,
British Soviet Friendship Society.

SATURDAY NIGHT THEATRE—
relax and enjoy a KING SIX CIGAR
(1/9d. each).

AFTER-SHAVE EASE
When your skin tingles and feels taut and inflamed after ordinary shaving, learn the soothing, cooling joy that comes with the rich, mildly medicated lather of
Cuticura SHAVING STICK
★ *Now in smart plastic case* ★

visited by the bereaved relatives and friends, to whom the house is thrown open for mourning between certain hours—usually 2-5 p.m. and 7-10 p.m. This procedure is called a "wake," although it is totally unlike the old-time Irish drinking party. Smoking is forbidden by law in many States and no refreshments may be served. At one time it was the custom for the Funeral Director to supply drinks and food but, owing to some objection on the part of caterers' unions, this was stopped and one is now reduced to discreet lozenge-sucking.

After the third day the casket is closed and conveyed to the cemetery. In some cases—such as a Catholic burial—it is first brought to church for a service or a Requiem Mass, but usually whatever service there is takes place in the Funeral Home or Funeral Chapel. The only difference between these two types of establishment is that the Funeral Chapel is decorated as a church with pews, a pulpit and perhaps an organ, whereas the Funeral Home is, in fact, a private house where mourning can take place without laying on the bereaved the onus of entertaining visitors.

PATRICIA PHILLIPS

Desert Island Disques

MONTAND, Piaf, Trenet, Dauberson—the names of French singers are as exotically nostalgic as those of the stations on the Métro. They weave for us a legend of a Paris that never was on land or Seine; imaginary, yet so enthralling that most of us keep a sentimental corner in our cabinets for their desert island *disques*.

The spell was bound when we first heard Maurice Chevalier detailing the pleasures of the Place Pigalle, in the voice of one peddling forbidden fruit. We knew at once that nobody could sing like that about Leicester Square; and on our next visit to Paris we toiled up to Montmartre breathing heavily and all agog, with the satanic tune spinning in our heads. We died a little when we came at last to Pigalle and found nothing but a dusty square inhabited by Algerians and Americans, gracelessly haggling over plaster replicas of the Sacré Coeur. It was as though Herr Baedeker had awarded three stars to Liverpool Street Station.

After that we stayed at home and listened to Edith Piaf. Her celebrated *voix rauque*, finding catharsis in the most unlikely places, moaning for the fickleness of barmen and thundering "Grandmother, we shall not go to Mass any more," summed up all the things that Paris should be and, we knew by then, was not. Under the influence of that voice, people who had never been nearer the Butte than Brighton found it easy to leer into their brandy *ballons* late at night and roll a wistful eye over the youth they wished they had mis-spent. It was all tremendously *triste*; far more so, somehow, than anything we had heard from our own Miss Vera Lynn; far more nostalgic and twice as fraught with meaning, even if we could not quite catch all the words.

For light relief there was Charles Trenet, who made even the provinces sound gay. His methods seemed so absurdly easy that we found ourselves sketching out, on the backs of record-covers, witty little ballads about wet Sundays in Glasgow and the habits of the starlings on St. Martin-in-the-Field. But it never worked. For one thing no British crooner could sing half as fast as Trenet; it would be like whisking eggs with a rolling-pin. And the language cannot really stand the strain. There is an inescapably dying fall about "Everything's going splendidly, Marchioness."

Nor can our island singers compete with the rich strangeness of the private lives which their French counterparts are rumoured to enjoy. No-one can listen unmoved to a record by Mademoiselle X, knowing that she was discovered suffering from snow-blindness on the platform at Barbès-Rochechouart (*direction* Porte de Clignancourt), and became a star at the Ambigu only through the attentions of devoted nuns. The singing of Monsieur Y, too, gains immeasurably in *éclat* by the circumstances of his debut at a guest night in Toulon Naval Barracks, where he caught a famous eye with a sparkling improvised setting of "Une Charogne."

The songs themselves have an impregnable distinction. Our own song-writers seem to be incapable of rising above the arms-and-charms, sorrow-and-morrow, above-and-love level, except to dash off some gawky partypiece like "Knees Up, Mother Brown" or "If You Don't Want Them Whelks." No properly accredited British poet would dream of writing "lyrics," whereas in France you can hear songs by Prévert in every club, and Cocteau is never far behind. Even Verlaine—albeit with a shocking misquotation in the fourth line—has been pressed into service by Trenet and Le Jazz de Paris.

What Tin Pan Alley needs (we reflect sadly, slipping "Les Enfants Qui S'Aiment" back into their brown-paper cover) is an influx of new blood. We shall have to go on buying French records until the happy day when we can hear dainty jigs with words by Fry, torch-songs culled from early Eliot, and a long-playing strict-tempo selection from Sitwell. Only then will Shepherd's Bush and Shepherd Market, Belgravia and the Borough be celebrated as they deserve.

PETER WILDEBLOOD

The Arts and Entertainment

ELISABETH SCHUMANN

THE death of this delightful singer came as a sudden and curiously personal shock. She had seemed perennially youthful, her life a long spring day. To the last her voice retained something of the bloom of youth, and this was because she had always treated it with restraint, never forcing the tone, drawing in her horns, so to speak, at the first hint of harshness or discoloration. Only last November she sang at the International Music Association in South Audley Street. This must have been her last public appearance; and if life were as perfect as art—as perfect as *her* art—she would have been, that evening, at the top of her form. In fact, she seemed a little tired and off colour; at 63, there must be ups and downs. It was an afternoon two months before, at Bernard Miles's little Mermaid Theatre, that I prefer to remember as her swan song. That day everything went well. Against the judiciously scaled down accompaniments of Ivor Newton, the voice, though small, sounded still marvellously pure; the words were breathed out, the phrases caressed, the cadences rounded off, with all her old inimitable skill.

She had qualities which are seldom combined in one singer: a naturally delicious tone-quality, a fine ear, firm technique and sensitive musicianship. Few singers in our time have produced a stream of tone so clear, so even and so well sustained; her style had poise and finish, her taste was never at fault; and all these virtues were fused into one by a personality spontaneous, vivid and endearing. Small wonder that she achieved, what is very rare, equal distinction in the opera house and the concert hall. Her operatic career began in Hamburg about 1908, when she was twenty years old; by 1914 she was singing Sophie in

Company Meeting

THE UNITED KINGDOM PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

TO-DAY'S CHALLENGE TO THE CITY

MR. JOHN BENN'S SPEECH

The 111th Annual General Meeting of the United Kingdom Provident Institution was held at the Incorporated Accountants Hall, London, W.C.2, on April 30, 1952.

Mr. John Benn, the Chairman and managing director, in the course of his speech said:—

The Board is gratified to report that the new sums assured have exceeded £7,000,000 for the second time in the history of the Institution. As this fine total comprises individual assurances only, and does not include any group business in which the risk element is greater, the solid character of our progress will be evident. The increase in the Fund last year amounted to £1,386,925, while the premium income rose by £163,000 to £2,628,000.

Further progress is also reported by our subsidiary, the United Kingdom Fire & Accident Insurance Company Ltd.

NEW TRIENNIUM OPENS WELL

The new triennium has opened well in terms of claims by death, which were again well below expectation in 1951, so continuing the favourable experience of the previous three years. The new rate of interest earned on the Fund is also extremely satisfactory, amounting to £5 13s. 6d per cent. gross, or £4 3s net. Although the rise in the gilt-edge rate has contributed to the improvement of no less than 7s. per cent. gross over the 1950 earnings, this improvement is mainly due to the better yields received from our high-class ordinary stocks, which also served to cushion the Funds of £34,000,000 against the general fall in Stock Exchange values. Compared with the position at the end of 1950, our undisclosed reserves against our Stock Exchange securities fell during 1951 by not much more than £250,000, a remarkable proof of the strength of our investments in a period which so fully justified Sam Weller's definition of shares as "things that go up and down in the City."

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

There is a new opportunity and a challenge to the City of London, with its unique position in the economic life of the nation and of the world, to render an urgent service by publicising its activities, which so well illustrate the extent of our dependence as an island people on overseas trade.

It is fairly easy to understand what a coal miner does: we all use his product, we all realise that mining is a dangerous trade, and so the miner rightly commands the popular respect. It is far less easy to understand that a City worker is equally productive. Quite intelligent people are apt to regard the City as concerned mainly with financial manipulation of a get-rich-quick kind, and even those who work in the Square Mile are not all alive to the importance of their business. Yet this knowledge would be a spur to the still greater efforts now demanded of all of us, whether we go to work in overalls or bowler hats.

The issues at stake transcend party differences, yet some of those responsible for the City's business feel that, as their shareholders or members doubtless include those of all party persuasions or none, a company cannot rightly spend their money in supporting "one side." It is just this limited idea of "one side" which needs replacing by an appreciation that all political programmes are equally subject to the necessity to pay our way as a nation. And unless we can pay our way, there can be no reasonable standard of living for any of us.

During the past few months efforts have been made to arrange collective publicity for the City's many functions and services.

British insurance is already showing the way by some striking illustrations of its work in foreign markets now appearing in the Press, and our members will have observed that the life offices have also enlisted the powerful aid of newspaper advertising. The United Kingdom Provident Institution is giving full support to this valuable campaign which helps to promote national saving.

Der Rosenkavalier at the Metropolitan. Some time during the first war Strauss heard her in a guest performance of *Der Rosenkavalier*, and by 1919 he had introduced her to Vienna; on the arrival of the Nazis she departed—much to their regret. Thereafter she made America her home, but was just about to migrate once more, this time to London, when the end came.

She loved England, and there is no doubt that the English loved her. It was in 1924 that she captivated London in the illustrious *Rosenkavalier* cast which is now melting away—Mayr dead, Lehmann and Delia Reinhardt in retirement. No one who saw her receive the gift of the rose will ever forget the charm and innocence of her appearance, or the softly soaring headnotes —silver too, like the rose—in her great phrase, "Wie himmlische, nicht irdische, wie Rosen vom hochheiligen Paradies." The music might have been written for her, and the words themselves seemed to be describing the unearthly beauty of her voice and style at this moment. She was not a coloratura soprano, and I doubt if her agility was ever equal to that of a first-rate Marchesi pupil. But she had considerable range, and could sing pianissimo B's and C sharps with the ease of an ordinary soprano in the region of G and A. In one of Blondchen's arias in *Die Entführung* she used to sail airily up the scale of A major to the high E. She made it sound easy; she made everything sound easy; that was one of her principal charms. I heard her in all five of the standard Mozart operas, even as Pamina, one of her less frequent roles; but it was the soubrette parts which best suited her vocal quality and her demure stage presence. Above all, she was the ideal Susanna. For three acts mischief sparkled in her eye; and when the time came to lay mischief aside and sing from the heart, then she sang "Deh vieni" with such purity and simplicity that the whole house hung on each note.

While at the height of her operatic fame, she began to be recognised as an incomparable Lieder singer. Voice and temperament imposed certain limitations on her scope. She could not command, like Elena Gerhardt, the tempest of *Die junge Nonne*, the hammer blows of *Der Atlas*, the sustained pathos of *Die Winterreise*, or the deep Wordsworthian repose of *Feldeinsamkeit*. But her enormous repertory contained few songs which did not suit her, and many which suited no one else half so well. Schubert apart, we shall remember her mainly in Richard Strauss; who can forget the sensuous calm of *Morgen* and the lilt of *Ständchen*. From the many garlands of her Schubert groups I will pick three small flowers: *Der Jüngling an der Quell* for the ineffable charm, on her lips, of its consonantal sounds ("Leise rieselnder Quell! ihr wallenden, flispernden Pappeln"); *Nacht und Träume* for her perfect sostenuto on those long, difficult, heavenly phrases; and *Die Vögel* for the four barely touched high G sharp quavers, each one dead in tune. When I first heard *Die Vögel* in Oxford in 1927, I could scarcely believe my ears. When shall I hear something comparable again?

Let me rectify a small mistake, the source of which I can't now trace. In the 1940 Supplement of *Grove*, I gave her date of birth as 1885; it should have been 1888. Whatever the year, her horoscope was surely that of Beatrice. "There was a star danced, and under that was I born."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

critics' choice

a guide to intelligent film-going

Every month a panel of leading critics meets to select the best films of the month. CRITICS' CHOICE offers a symposium of their critical comment on current film releases.

DILYS POWELL
JOSH BILLINGS
CONNERY CHAPPELL
PAUL DEHN
JYMPSON HARMAN
ROGER MANVELL
RICHARD WINNINGTON

CRITICS' CHOICE is sent free to all Members and Associates of the British Film Institute. Subscription rates 5/- to £1-1-0 a year. Full details and free specimen copy from CRITICS' CHOICE.

BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE

164 SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON, W.C.2. TEM 1642

A GOOD FIRST PLAY

THE most interesting play of last week was not, in my view, the American ant fable, *Under the Sycamore Tree*, at the Aldwych, a sort of Digest reader's Kapek, which gives Mr. Guinness a chance of displaying versatility in a series of his character impersonations. I preferred a play for only four actors at the little Irving Theatre, in Leicester Square. *The Art of Living* (bad title!) is, like Miss Yvonne Mitchell's *The Same Sky*, a first play by a young actor, and is no less promising. But it aims a good deal higher and consequently falls a little shorter of success.

The Art of Living by Mr. Owen Holder (who is playing the young man in *Waters of the Moon*) is technically speaking, an Ibsenite play. That is to say, it draws two curves of interest, running simultaneously, the top curve carrying the narrative forward, while the bottom one continuously uncovers new facts about the past of the characters. This technique gives a play the complexity and the richness of texture of a novel and when, as with Mr. Holder, the author is skilful at timing the point at which the revelations arrive, it multiplies the suspense. What Mr. Holder hasn't quite brought off this time is a strong enough connection between past and present. But this is largely due, I think, to the major flaw in his conception.

The starting point of his play is the empty, freshly decorated room of a house waiting to receive its new occupants, a room which we shall see furnished not only with objects but with human intensities and antagonisms before the evening is over. The first to enter are a young workman putting the finishing touches to the paint, and then the young girl who is to occupy the house, and who has come to admire his handiwork. He is an inarticulate young product of industrial civilisation, whose only interests are motor bikes and girls: she is a plant carefully cultivated and shielded by an over-civilised father. So much comes clear in the opening exchanges, carried on between the passing of Lawrentian stares which hint at the future development. Next on the scenes are an over-civilised man in the middle fifties who turns out to be her husband and a tiresome woman whom we have heard of as the girl's interfering aunt. These are our four characters, and here is our conflict, between the attractions of the young house painter and the security of the cultivated life. The situation is old but the treatment is fresh. The author shows an already highly developed skill in deploying his narrative, in planting surprises and keeping developments up his sleeve; his first act is excellent. What weakens the play—fatally, in fact, in spite of its interest—is his representative of the cultivated life. Henry James might have succeeded in imposing on us this dilettante and art-lover, sequestering his young wife by means of the classics in his library. But the figure is of an earlier age, and Mr. Holder doesn't convince us of his survival into ours. It works against him, of course, that Mr. Patrick Doonan gives so startlingly real a picture of the young house painter. The uneasy monosyllables when he's off his own ground, and the over-compensating aggressiveness when he is on it, both alike are admirably caught. Mr. Peter Bathurst has more difficulty with the dilettante, and falls between the stools of charming us on the one hand or giving his character a comic slant on the other. Miss Noel Dyson is good as the objectionable aunt, and Miss Margaret Wedlake plays the young girl. Mr. Frank Hauser, the producer, gets the very best effect from the dramatic situations and a tiny stage.

Under the Sycamore Tree is mildly amusing, but only mildly. It uses the old device of satirising human activities from the standpoint of a non-human world. An author of some wit, as Mr. Spewack is, can hardly fail, taking so large a target, to score some bull's-eyes, but his fire is not concentrated, nor is it coherently directed. The evening is kept going by Miss Diana Churchill's vivacity, an inventive and fast-moving production by Mr. Peter Glenville, an amusing decor by Mr. Oliver Messel and the series of polished turns from Mr. Guinness. Mr. Messel repeats his success of *The Little Hut*, devising comic ant telephones, wireless sets and spray guns, but I hope everyone will realise that twice is enough. Admirers of *Kind Hearts and Coronets* can enjoy several other cards from the Guinness Happy Family pack.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

LAST week among the several productions of a rural or natural-historical sort, the tenth anniversary of *Country Magazine* was celebrated by a programme of folk songs; and the return of the cuckoo by a symposium from, as it so often happens, the West. (Nature has somehow come to be both the main preserve and the main export of the West; just as the Scottish region, which has an excellent orchestra and many a pleasing choir, including my favourite, the Junior Kirkintilloch, sends back mainly music.) But before discussing the two particular programmes, we may meditate for a moment on what they represent in current radio. The urban nostalgia that they reflect is nothing new; it was already an old affair when Shakespeare played on it in *As You Like It*. But Nature to-day is not quite what it was in Shakespeare's time, nor yet in Wordsworth's. While the *sentiment* ineradicably persists, it has been crossed by the taste for fact; and the scientist has indeed taken the place of the philosopher as a purveyor of consoling magic. Thus, on the radio, where music and drama as well as recorded sounds may be drawn upon, there is now a marriage of science and æsthetics; most informally celebrated in programmes like *The Naturalist*, where experts, not insensitive to the subjects literary aspects, converse informatively on pretty themes like Bluebells, Field Mice, or The Singing of Birds (the three latest topics); most elaborately in features like those of Nesta Pain, with their specially written music and remorseless realism. About the attitude to country life, as expressed in programmes ranging from *Country Magazine* to *The Archers*, I must speak another time.

Meanwhile, *The Cuckoo*, which was a medley of fact and myth, verse, research and song (produced with easy elegance by Desmond Hawkins), was also a really good example of the art-and-science nature programme at a not too earnest level. Put over by those two well-spoken familiars of Nature and nature, Mr. Geoffrey Grigson and Mr. James Fisher, it was full of pleasant detail, though especially towards the end, a little weak in construction; for this, perhaps neither of the two felt responsible. And we may wonder why nobody insisted that the passage from Barnes should be read in the Dorset dialect. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the programme, and look

forward to more on its pattern. One interesting effect of this particular give-and-take technique is that while the facts themselves take on the strange air of myth, we are left in the end emotionally detached about the creature; in spite, in this case, of the true account of the egg-laying; in spite of the singing of that most unfairly moving of all anthropomorphic ballads—"*I nowhere have a home.*" Devoted both to fact and to myth, I do not deplore its inclusion. It is bird sounds themselves that are least evocative. A listener conditioned in early youth by Hans Andersen and the romantic poets can never quite forgive the more literary birds—the lark, say, and the nightingale—for not singing a real tune; something like "The Bluebells of Scotland."

As for the Folk Songs from *Country Magazine*, they may, in that context, be counted as a further aspect of the false pastoral, but no matter. Here, for those who care for it, was drama at its most direct and most simple—love and betrayal; fidelity, seduction and death. The songs were introduced by Francis Collinson, with love and irony; the excellent singers included Hedli Anderson, Martin Boddey, Robert Irwin, Cyril Tucker, Clarence Wright. A beautiful programme.

I heard for the first time last week the repeat of the production made a year ago by Rayner Heppenstall of Villiers de l'Isle Adam's mysterious play *Axël*. To produce this extraordinary work at all is something of an adventure; to give it an intelligible acting life while preserving its philosophical rangings and its wildly Gothic atmosphere is in itself an achievement. Certainly it was made more lucid by the introduction and commentary of James Laver, who not only translated the play but brought it into manageable proportions. The most unacceptable *longueurs* are at the end—the scene between the hero and the dedicated maiden; and nothing much could be done to lighten it. But the opening scenes are exciting enough by any standards; and, in fact, the radio caught the strong visual intention so effectively that we were conscious throughout of abbey and tomb, castle and forest; the gleam of swords in the torchlight and the flickering of those torches in the night wind. It was altogether an unusual experience. NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"The River," at the Gaumont
"Cry, the Beloved Country," at the Carlton

I find myself, after nine years (or whatever it is) of film reviewing, in the unique position of not being able to manage with the good films that throng about. Two are listed above: I happened to see them first, and first in any case would come Renoir's long attended and finely satisfying *The River*. But not on the list are three other films: Luis Buñuel's *Los Olvidados* at the Academy, *Death of a Salesman* at the London Pavilion, and Ford's *The Informer* revived at the Everyman; and to these must be added two excellent shorts, Paul Hessaert's *From Renoir to Picasso* and the lyrical-satiric *Muscle Beach*, both at the Academy. Never was such a week! The star-awarders (three for a bad film, four for a good) are lucky: they merely reproduce a map of the heavens. I must discuss constellations. So, half this week and half next. (Hoping nothing will come along in the meantime to add to my embarrassment.)

The River is Jean Renoir's film in Technicolor of the Ganges. Colour has never before been so employed on the screen. In the first shots it lures from midstream with sunny sandstone reflections, and once ashore there is the diminution of bazaar, walled garden, and indoors. Thousands of candles light the garden on festival night; three red-heads give an almost pre-Raphaelite tinge to the green arbours; the trees rush out in spring into wonderful blue and flame, and the exuberant seasonal rites bring such a throwing, like confetti, and daubing of crimson powder as would ravish the soul of an Impressionist; to say nothing of the forest, the mild river expanse, glittering marriage dances, firework displays, temple decorations, and the beauties of dress and floor painting. No film, with the inevitable crudity of palette, has hitherto *painted* its scenes. (Others have hit on a single tone-scheme—Ford's blue-coats, for example, against a Texas land and skyscape: what else does one remember?) But Renoir's delicate yet rich tints are only part of his intoxication with India. Such is this that he is almost reluctant to take his camera away from the generalities of river, temple steps, and noon shades to narrate the story of a European family of children through the year. He doesn't—let me add—fall between the two stools of feature and documentary, as I heard it put by a superior voice at the press show; his story would be weak only if it failed in adventure proper to the place. And that it doesn't do. It triumphs, as did *Louisiana Story*, in its identification of a landscape with childhood haunts; and it is hardly accident that a great river should have inspired both films. But Renoir's story, however lightly touched in, is far more complex and shaded than Flaherty's. There are, between the ages of five and seventeen, seven children—all, except two, girls; the older ones fall in love with a visiting American; the tiniest gaze, eat, sleep, cry together; a half-caste beauty from next door offers dreams of Indian betrothal; the boy spends all his leisure hours charming a cobra in the undergrowth, and dies of his devotion; another baby—yet another girl—arrives to fill the gap. It is a Chekhov play, barely sketched in, of childhood merging into adolescence: thin, if you have no regard except for stories as such, but wiry enough to string the beads of enchantment. The adventure and the place merge beautifully; so far as India itself goes, I have had no such sense of it since I read Forster's masterpiece. Renoir's direction employs all his subtle sympathies. Does he stray for long moments a little far from his situation? But then there are the passages that bring us back, that enhance the colour and knot the feelings: that siesta, for example, with servants, children, dogs enjoying an Oblomov afternoon, and the notes of the flute that for weeks, surreptitiously, has been wooing the cobra; then, silence; we know what only the silence can mean, but the siesta goes on.

The merits of *Cry, the Beloved Country*, directed by Zoltan Korda, are not only that it treats the South African Negro with sympathy and intelligence, at a moment when both are sadly in decline, but that it gives an honest, touching account of a people stranger to us—us, I mean, the picture-goers—than Harlem or Georgia. A black boy has escaped reformatory; his old father, a village clergyman, tries to recover him; the boy murders a white man, and the fruitless search has taken us through the corruption of Johannesburg. The other English film to compare it with is *Men of Two Worlds*; and this thrillingly succeeds, when that decently failed. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Emilio Greco and Guido Pajetta, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco

A good deal has rightly been said about the obscurity of much contemporary art. Yet it is also true that, having accepted certain specialised theories, many works appear to be, not too obscure, but too simplified and obvious. Surface-pattern, sculptural-solidity, opened-out-space—such things are often exploited badly. Greco's sculptures are, by contrast, mysterious. Their mystery depends upon their complexity, upon the intricately considered way in which their fairly naturalistic forms lead in, across, under and around each other, sometimes abruptly, sometimes elusively. When, for example, one first looks at the large terra-cotta reclining nude, it seems smooth and almost pretty. But, gradually, the tenderness of the sensuous forms, and, beneath them, the arch and thrust of the bone shafts, establish themselves. One becomes aware of the gentle simplifications fashioned by finger-tips superbly sensitive to the swell and bedrock of each form but necessarily ignoring all the minor, undercutting crevices and openings: the result, not an approximate encasement, but a minute extension of the clear surface of each limb towards the touch of the surrounding air and light. Greco is 39 and was born in Sicily. There are, of course, weaknesses in his work. Temperamentally, he has, like Marini, a tendency to archaic mannerism. Practically, the sculptural tension of his works sometimes sags on their compressed, concave surfaces—always the most difficult to manage. There is a flaw in the hollow of the back of the reclining nude, in the stomach of the bent-forward torso of the cyclist, above the hips of the sitting woman. Nevertheless, the nude and some of the portraits are very considerable achievements. One should not be deceived by their mere elegance. Pajetta's paintings are over-sophisticated but in a quite enjoyable, wistful and seductive way. J. B.

Hima Kesarcodi, at the Arts

As a performer Hima Kesarcodi can be divided physically in two parts, as though she was two different people, for her face acts in an entirely dissimilar way to the rest of her body. In a recital of Hindu dances her limbs give a wonderful performance, her arms moving through the intricate patterns of Indian dance signs with a delicate ease that is seldom seen. Her body is solid, relaxed and graceful, full of an effortless vitality that enchants the senses. On the other hand, her face shows nervousness and is always grimacing with a self-conscious emotion that seems to go beyond the limits of the traditional convention—joy is Joy and coy is Coy to an alarming degree. It is this extraordinary divergence in the behaviour of her head and body that distracts our appreciation from a dancer of beauty and skill. The dances are in the four classic Hindu styles, the oldest, Bharat Natyam, being the best, for it has a wide variety of movements and each narrative builds up to a climax. The costumes are ravishing: shot silk pantanis and gold embroidered skirts of coloured transparence excite the imagination with visions of a luxury unknown to the West, except in fairy tales. But economising on the small orchestra necessary for these Indian dances is a mistake, since the atmospheric and musical quality of amplified gramophone records is practically non-existent. A. F.

Studio Group, at the Ben Uri Gallery

This is the first exhibition of a group of comparatively young Jewish painters who work together in a fairly informal way. Out of the 80 works on show, there are at least seven good ones. And since nowadays scant justice is done to single paintings (so much space being taken up with the introduction and assessment of personalities, influences, developments, etc.), I should like to recommend these works

HEFFER'S

The Bookshop known the world over. New and secondhand. English and foreign books. Learned and rare works bought. lists invited.

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD
PETTY CURY. CAMBRIDGE

Going on holiday?

Do not rely on "picking-up" your copies of THE NEW STATESMAN wherever you are to be. We will post them on THURSDAY nights to you to any address on the continent. Simply send us your addresses and remittance in good time.

2 copies 1/9
each additional copy 10½d.
NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

individually. There is a sensible, hard-working painting of a nude by Irene Holzer, in which the articulation of the head and shoulders is clearly observed; also, a small, dark, raw painting of a nude on a scruffy bed by Erich Kahn, excellently painted somewhat in the manner of Soutine; two sensitive landscapes, full of firm aerial perspective, by Michael Webber; a painting (almost a coloured drawing) of a Jewish tailor and a Gertler-like nude, both worked out with considerable feeling and skill by Maurice Sochachewsky; and a portrait of a fat woman in a striped blouse which, although awkward in composition, contains a real sense of three-dimensional form, by Helen Wicks. J. B.

Correspondence

IN PLACE OF FEAR

SIR,—Would you please allow a working-class comment on Mr. Mikardo's letter about Aneurin Bevan? The letter ends with the observation that the Bevan Group stirred the constituency parties out of torpor and released them from a stifling frustration. This infantile conceit does not commend Mr. Mikardo to me as either a perceptive Socialist or a modest man—though as I have been in the Labour Movement for only something over forty years I may not be a good judge in these matters.

I have heard of no constituency party having been so stirred or released by Mr. Mikardo and his colleagues, but I do know a wide circle of working-class Socialists all over the country who have a much sounder Socialist philosophy and who have sacrificed much more in consistent pursuit of Socialist policies than either Mr. Attlee or Mr. Mikardo. Indeed, if Mr. Mikardo will get someone to lend him a copy of the Agenda for the 1951 Annual Conference of the Labour Party he will find in the resolutions there adequate evidence that there are plenty of unsung Socialists in the Labour Party who have infinitely more fundamental Socialist convictions and much clearer perception than the arty-arty Messiahs on either the frock-coated Right or the school-tie Left of the Labour Party.

JACK EDWARDS.

5 Cleddau Avenue,
Haverfordwest, Pem.

SIR,—I agree with Ian Mikardo that standing orders are no substitute for policy in the Labour Party; but if he wants policy discussed in a cool temperature, he must give some of us who continue to support the Labour Government's Defence programme the credit of sincerity for our views. We accepted that policy with Clem Attlee's conditions. Those conditions have not been fulfilled and as a result the Government have proposed a reduction in the programme which amounts to about one-third over the first two years. It is this reduced programme which we continue to support. Nye Bevan has said that he believes in adequate Defence but the only figure so far mentioned by one of his supporters is Dick Crossman's further reduction of £250 millions this year and this seems to most of us quite impracticable.

Our anxiety is that Bevan's appeal is not only to those who want to keep Defence expenditude at a reasonable level, but also to the pacifists and, more significantly, to those in the Labour Party who have never faced up to their responsibility for defence at all. This is a serious matter for it discourages that objective consideration of priorities, some of them for unpopular things, which as Bevan himself has said are the religion of Socialism.

Mikardo writes of the "ferment of new ideas released by the Bevanite heresy," but has it produced a single new thought? *In Place of Fear* poses all the questions that serious-minded Socialists have been asking for the last five years and answers none of them. As Mikardo knows well, some of us have been working hard for some time trying to find answers in real terms to such problems as planning to avoid inflation and balance our trade in a full employment economy; the extent and methods of Nationalisation; the right degree and proper machinery for the control of private industry; the extension of democratic control in our society as a whole and particularly in industry; as well as the problems arising out of Britain's new relationship to the rest of the world. In this work some Bevanites have participated but, whether ex-Ministers or others, I have not found that they have had any more to contribute than the rest of us.

May I finally remind Mikardo that brilliant success in Opposition is not always the best qualification for Government in what, as all are agreed, is bound to be a difficult situation. It is now clear that the time when the Labour Party again assumes that responsibility cannot be long delayed and, in the meantime, it is the interest as well as the duty of those who hope to lead the party to prepare the electorate not only for the rewards, but also for the responsibilities, of a Socialist society.

AUSTEN ALBU

House of Commons, S.W.1.

SIR,—I should like to make four comments on the replies to my letter from Michael Stewart and Wilfred Fienburgh.

(1) Of course I never argued that nobody but the Bevanites have been engaged in opposing the Tory Government. Any such statement would be (a) manifestly untrue, and (b) a gross injustice to many of my colleagues (not least Michael Stewart himself) who have rained a long series of hammer-blows on the Government. All I argued was that one of the three reasons for the recent improvement in the climate of the Parliamentary Labour Party is the present successful opposition in the House, that this opposition has come largely from the back benches, and that Bevan and some of his friends have taken a leading part in inspiring it. That's a simple statement of fact, and it implies no derogation of anybody else who has contributed to Tory discomfiture.

(2) I was not, and am not, concerned with what Fienburgh calls "raking over the past of ex-Ministers." Again my point was a simple one, namely, that, on certain subjects under present discussion, some uncommitted back-benchers are in a better position to criticise the Government than some committed ex-Ministers. I take no pleasure in that fact, but it's a fact all the same, and we've got to face up to it. It is a factor which will diminish in weight as time goes on and as the House passes to new subjects, and I shall be glad when it does. But for the present we've got to deal with things as they are and not as we should like them to be.

(3) Fienburgh kindly says "I am not suggesting that the Bevan Group (which Mikardo admits meets as a group and now has a chairman) is a sinister conspiracy"; but he then goes on to argue precisely that it is, because it holds "group meetings which precede the full meetings of the Parliamentary Labour Party, which draft amendments and resolutions to be presented to the Party, and which finally nominate spokesmen on these matters," and because it "tries to take a common line on all issues."

Now I don't expect Fienburgh to believe me, but all this cloak-and-dagger stuff of his is just a granny's tale. Our existence as a group isn't being dragged out of me, for the first time, as a reluctant revelation: it has been publicised for months in every newspaper in the country. I plead unreservedly guilty to the fact that, instead of everybody at our meetings talking at once, we have a chairman—a bizarre and unusual custom for which I apologise at once and for which I hope we won't be sentenced severely. Our group meetings do *not* "precede the full meetings of the Parliamentary Labour Party." We have never put in any amendment or resolution to the Party. (On one occasion, and one only, we sent a draft resolution to the Parliamentary Committee *for its consideration*—but that has been done many times by different unofficial groups of Members and even by individual Members.) We do *not* nominate spokesmen: we have no powers, and don't want any, to require A to speak for B, or to bind B to accept the words of A. We do *not* try to take a common line on all issues: indeed, there are many important issues on which we differ, and agree to go on differing, quite strongly from one another. Really, Mr. Fienburgh ought to get up off his knees and stop looking for bombs under the bed.

(4) I reiterate, and gladly reiterate, my agreement with the principal thesis of both Mr. Stewart and Mr. Fienburgh, namely that we must all get down to serious discussion of the major policy issues which face the Party. I've never wanted anything else, and not has any of my friends.

IAN MIKARDO.

House of Commons, S.W.1.

SIR,—In your issue of April 5, Mr. Kingsley Martin in his review of Mr. Bevan's book, *In Place of Fear*, says ". . . I see that Mr. Bevan must be hated by Communists even more than by his Labour colleagues. For he is a parliamentary revolutionary—an anti-Leninist position, which he argues, can be justified by a modern Marxist." Mr. Bevan makes the same mistake himself. On page 19 of his book, he says, "Quite early in my studies it seemed to me that classic Marxism consistently understated the role of a political democracy with a fully developed franchise."

Communists may hate Mr. Bevan for all I know, but obviously not for being a parliamentary revolutionary. Engels, in his introduction to Marx's *The Class Struggle in France, 1848-1850*, draws attention to the changes that had taken place on the Continent between 1848 and 1895 (when the introduction was written). The events had taken a different course to what they had forecasted. "History has proved us, and all who thought like us wrong." The war of 1870-1871 and the defeat of the Commune transferred the centre of gravity from France to Germany. There was very rapid industrial development there, and this, with the introduction of universal suffrage in 1866, led to steady increase in the voting strength of the Social-Democrats, from 102,000 in 1870 to 1,427,000 in 1890. German workers made use of this to acquire more and more control of Government, and "supplied their comrades in all countries with a new weapon and one of the sharpest . . . With this successful utilisation of universal suffrage, however, an entirely new method

AMEN by *FRANK TOWNSHEND*

Expresses its author's views on man's impasse and points the way confidently to a path of spiritual ascent. It is written in the pellucid and memorable prose that characterised his earlier books which won the praise of critics as diverse as H.W. Nevinson and Mrs. Besant.

6s. (6s. 3d. *post free*) *from bookshops or*

HALCYON PRESS Five Bleheim Road, High Barnet, Hertfordshire.

DON'T MISS THESE NEW DEVELOPMENTS

MUSIC Thomas Russell
BALLET Fernau Hall
ARTIST DILEMMA James Boswell
BOOK FRONT A. Calder-Marshall

Uniform edition of four volumes. Bound, with dust jackets—NOW OFFERED POST-PAID

2/6 set of four

Send at once to ARTS & MODERN BOOKS
45/47 Stoney Lane, Middlesex St., E1

TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING

"For the Planned as well as the Planners"

MAY, 1952

A Land of Industry ... ... *The Editor*
Sport and Town Planning *J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P.*
Administration of Planning *Peter Self*
Housing in Greater Paris *P. Greenbaum-Ballin*
Recent Development Plans *Desmond Donnelly, M.P.*
Housing Manager and Planning *Jean Thompson*
Planning Commentary; Reviews; Illustrations, etc

Monthly 1s. 6d. By post 20s. per annum.

TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING ASSOCIATION
28, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2

of proletarian struggle came into operation . . . In Latin countries also, it is being realised more and more that the old tactics must be revised. Everywhere the German example of winning all posts accessible to us has been imitated, everywhere the unprepared launching of an attack has been relegated to the background. . . . We the revolutionists, the "overthrowers"—we are thriving far better on legal methods than on illegal methods and overthrow." Engels illustrates the potency of legal methods by the example of Christians taking over the whole of Roman Empire.

Thus Engels for one, it appears, attached great importance to "parliamentary revolution." In fact, he seemed to believe that a proletarian revolution could be brought about by the effective use of universal suffrage unless, of course, such a consummation was prevented by use of force by the propertied classes when, in course of development, they became aware that parliamentary democracy was going to deprive them of their power. In that case he seems to recommend the use of force to repel force.

It is true World Wars I and II showed something wrong with the argument, but very likely no more than that the proletariat had not yet learnt an effective use of this weapon, and were not properly led.

Geneva. S.

THE SEMI-POOR

SIR,—The Chairman of the Housing Committee of the L.C.C. invites me to withdraw the "accusation" I have levelled against one of his officers. If what I said sounds like an accusation, I am sorry: I did not intend it to be one. Nor did I complain about the L.C.C. Housing Scheme. I said so in my letter. The officer I met was sympathetic towards my case, and realised that it was one of many (which, by the way, is my sole justification for putting it before your readers); and in the course of a friendly argument words to the effect of those I have quoted have indeed been spoken. I have taken the liberty of condensing what has been said into one or two sentences, and if, from these words, Mr. Reginald Stamp has gained the impression that there are, in the Department, certain officers indulging in political propaganda, I wish to assure him that I have not met any such officer.

Battersea. J. B.

SIR,—I must protest very strongly against Gina Watson's statement in your Correspondence columns of April 26 that "It is an accepted fact that life at home is better for a small child than life in a nursery."

The vast majority of people who hold this view either have no children of their own or can afford to pay someone to look after them. Not only do educationists, mothers, and others recognise that from the age of two on the child becomes a sociable being who needs the company of others of his own age, but the Education Act specifically urges local authorities to provide nursery schools as part of their educational facilities.

No doubt "it would be simple to find locally other mothers in a similar position (namely, vainly looking for a kindergarten)." But I wonder if Gina Watson speaks from experience when she presents the problem of finding a room and a teacher for the children as equally easy. Few people have a spare room at their disposal these days and even if one could find a room it would have to be of a fair size and have access both to the garden and to washing facilities. Having found such a room, how about the teacher? She would have to be content with a part-time job under most unfavourable conditions. I wonder what she would live on; because the mothers would only be able to pay her a part-time wage.

The alternative appears to be "a body of sitters-in." No, thank you! Even the worst nursery with a constant staff of two or three people would be preferable. Just imagine the lady from the Mothers' Union who lets young Johnny suck his ice-cream followed by the fastidious member of the W.V.S. who insists on a plate and spoon. And next day a member of the local P.T.A. says, "No ice-cream, John, they're bad for you!" Incidentally members of my own P.T.A. are quite well occupied during the day either teaching at school, or looking after their own children at home. However, I would be truly delighted if just one member of any local organisation would occasionally take care of my son so that I can pay a visit to the dentist or go to town and do some shopping.

Finally, Gina Watson resents the fact that although many mothers take life with children around them all day for granted, middle-class mothers demand some leisure. How very naughty of them! Every paid working person in this country has regulated hours. Mothers who in most cases enable these paid workers to go to their jobs well fed and clothed, apparently are not entitled to such considerations. "If you want leisure organise it yourselves," they are told. I wish someone would tell us how under present conditions when both the Government and private individuals take the facilities providing leisure away from us. But we are not taking it lying down any longer! Large numbers of mothers were recently instrumental in persuading certain local authorities not to shut down their nurseries as part of the education cuts. And many of those were not middle-class! Whoever they were, good luck to them!

SABINE LOEFFLER

57 Aberdare Gardens, London, N.W.8.

WHITE SUPREMACY

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. J. W. Thompson asserts that "the idea that Native intelligence is on a level with European is quite false." I presume he would agree that the only way to test this is to look at Africans who have enjoyed the same educational advantages as Europeans. At the University College at which I teach we have such Africans; and there is no reason to suppose that anything is wrong with their intelligence. "Minor problems in logic" can hardly baffle those who sit for London University Intermediate and General Arts Degree examinations in logic; nor can the abilities of our African lecturers in sociology and theology be confined to "procedures of which they can form a mental image." It is true that many students are weak in subjects like English, where they suffer from lack of background (are English students any better at Twi or Swahili?); but potentially they are as capable as any students. Indeed, I wonder who are the "qualified authorities" who, according to Mr. Thompson, do not deny differences in intelligence, since the Unesco report on race of 1950, signed by anthropologists of several nations, asserted that "scientific evidence indicates that the range of mental capacities in all ethnic groups is much the same."

L. D. LEGNER

Achimota, Gold Coast.

EMILY DICKINSON

SIR,—As an American and a woman I hope I am not disqualified from comments on the recent review of Emily Dickinson. As a group we probably do overrate her. But living in a country with a relatively skimpy literary tradition, perhaps we can be excused for thinking a good poet really great.

Kathleen Raine, perhaps, errs on the side of the Englishwoman. She is a bit too anxious to see Emily Dickinson established as a Victorian sentimentalist—albeit a true poetess. Emily Dickinson was indeed a silly old maid; but her writing is not therefore Victorian. Emily Brönte could hardly claim to have been confused with a 17th-century metaphysical poet. Yet for some time one of George Herbert's poems was included among Emily Dickinson's before the mistake was discovered.

Nor is this really surprising. In technique and thought Emily Dickinson is astoundingly reminiscent of the metaphysical poets. It is as strange to say she had no "ideas of any kind" as it is to complain of vacant lyricism in Herbert or Crashaw. The difference is that they were writing within a recognisable tradition, and Emily Dickinson was not. For a recluse whose stuffy father allowed her practically no other reading than the Brönte sisters, it is remarkable that her technique could have become so highly developed or her thought so refinedly mystical.

I will admit she is only a good poet. Will Kathleen Raine consent to move her a little out of the shadow of the Albert Memorial?

CAROLINE WEDGWOOD BENN

Stansgate, Nr. Southminster, Essex.

RASHNESS REPROVED

SIR,—In your issue dated March 10, 1951, you stated, editorially and unequivocally:

> Already anyone with a few pounds in the bank and a particle of common sense is busily buying clothes and materials in the knowledge that £25 to-day will buy at the draper's or at the tailor's what will cost £50 a year hence.

In your next issue you published a letter from me, in criticism of the above statement, in the course of which I said:

> An analysis of the factors involved suggests, on the contrary, that the average rise will be within 20 per cent.—perhaps more for some wool garments, but a good deal less for cotton or rayon garments.

You retorted that the obvious reply to me was: "Tell that to the tailors!"

I now write to point out that the Ministry of Labour Interim Index of Retail Prices records, for the Clothing item, an increase from mid-March, 1951, to mid-March, 1952, of approximately 25 per cent. Students of trade fluctuations should note how potent can be the power of mass hysteria even among those who school themselves against such influences.

Retail Distributors' Assn. DONALD BARBER

PEN ANTHOLOGY

SIR,—On behalf of the P.E.N. (English Centre), I should like to make it known that the P.E.N. Anthology of Poems for this year (to be published in spring, 1953, by Michael Joseph, Ltd.) is now in preparation under the joint editorship of Michael Hamburger, Robert Conquest and myself.

Manuscripts for consideration for this anthology should be addressed to the Editors, P.E.N. Anthology of Poems, P.E.N., 62-63, Glebe Place, London, S.W.3. Only poems which have not appeared in book form can be considered. Contributions are invited and should reach the editors before Sept. 30, 1952.

HOWARD SERGEANT

"Most stimulating . . . . deserves respect, even from those who reject his premise."

THE NEW STATESMAN.

In an Age of REVOLUTION

CYRIL GARBETT

Archbishop of York

A. J. CUMMINGS, *News Chronicle.*

"Dr. Garbett has written a book of deep significance . . . he writes boldly and with distinction."

ROGER LLOYD, *Manchester Guardian.*

"The wisdom is of the serene kind. . . . It is the fruit of a long life and good health, all of it lived under the canopy of the eternal values."

DUDLEY BARKER, *Daily Herald.*

"He makes a powerful survey of the crisis of history through which mankind is passing."

J. G. LOCKHART, *Spectator.*

"Of course the Archbishop is right."

2nd Edition.

Published at 20/- net by

HODDER & STOUGHTON,
Warwick Square • London, E.C.4.

Publishers of the Thorndike Dictionaries

Books in General

THE last book written by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry was called *Citadelle*. It appeared after his death. He was shot down in the Mediterranean in 1944 where, although considerably over-age, he was allowed to go out on patrol. By one of the ironies of the war he was killed in combat with a German airman who was a cultivated young man and an admirer of his works; and when in *Citadelle* one comes to the parable of the enemies who were indispensable to each other, the chapter is prophetic. To persuade us not to ignore the inexorable, the insoluble, the unanswerable was Saint-Exupéry's mission.

*Citadelle** has now been translated into English by Stuart Gilbert—a difficult task, for this luminous collection of parables containing a personal philosophy of life was written in an archaic, almost Biblical manner. The book takes the form of a meditation by the heir of a great and severe ruler of a desert empire, and the subject is the art of ruling the self and others. The predominant themes are: responsibility, duty, discipline and the acceptance of life as a cruel and tragic gift. To liberty, the ruler replies—tradition; to justice—permanence; to suffering—compassion rather than healing. These answers suggest a reactionary or, at any rate, an authoritarian attitude which could direct us eventually to the lethargy and fatalism of totalitarian regimes, but Saint-Exupéry sees authority as moral force that can be exercised only through self-sacrifice and continuous love; and the performance of duty as a continual, creative effort. As an airman—he had flown all his life, in South America and Africa—he was an individualist, in the sense that he felt himself to be a nerve-end of the power and organisation which kept him in the air. On the whole, he is contemptuous of freedom; it is the wilderness which disperses and impoverishes the meaning of life; we are free only in the acceptance of necessity. But we must not cease to "barter" ourselves—a favourite theme—for what is greater than ourselves. In his introduction to *Vol de Nuit* (*Night Flight*, now hard to obtain in England) André Gide pointed out that Saint-Exupéry belonged to the heroic age of aviation. Night flying had not long begun. The pilots in *Night Flight* "barter" themselves for the idea of the service, and Rivière, the Chief, has to weigh the claims of this "bartering" against the powerful and creative claims of love and ordinary human happiness. In *The Wisdom of the Sands* Saint-Exupéry thinks of other forms of bartering: the old needlewomen, or the old craftsmen who barter their sight and their years to produce beautiful things that will outlast them.

Night Flight is an exact book. It describes the pilot's situation with sensibility where most books on flying, or indeed any other kind of action, have been hearty, documentary and cliché-ridden. *The Wisdom of the Sands* is richer but diffuse and ruminating. Its archaic tone is not, to my mind, an advantage, and the book is a collection of vividly presented truisms which have tendency, but no shape. On the other hand, its moralisings are not "uplift"; the writer is a sad traveller through the disturbing human and natural sights of a hot and sombre Eastern landscape. But as a reply to the cults of egoism and freedom which dominated Western Europe in the Twenties, the book has characteristic gaps. Why may we not, for example, "barter" our lives for the destruction of superstition, for the dissolving of injustice, for new knowledge whose effect is bound to be revolutionary? To the English reader, knowing that the Anglo-Saxons are a brutal, drastic and sentimental race, there are discomforting echoes of Kipling and the jingles of the Law. Saint-Exupéry himself seems to be a remorseful liberal picking his way between Communism, Fascism and Catholic absolutism. Duty was a fact, a necessity, an energy in *Night Flight* as it was also in that excellent war book *Flight to Arras*; in *The Wisdom of the Sands* duty becomes a romantic, bowed and bloodied superlative done in stained glass. The explorers of the great ages of discovery were all religious men, but they lived within a classical orthodoxy, and their narratives and reflections were clear cut, plain and noble. A mystic, Saint-Exupéry may be much closer to us; but his excellence lies not in his mysticism, in spite of its poetic insights, but in the traditional singeing psychological sensibility of the French moralists:

> For there was a leper in the town.
>
> "Come," my father said, "and you shall see the bottomless pit."
>
> After leading me to the outskirts of the town he had me halt on the margin of a ragged, scurvy field. Round the field was a fence and in the centre the low hut where lived the leper, cut off from men.
>
> Sometimes the townsfolk came to watch him, and gathered round the field like men who, having climbed a volcano, line the crater's edge and peer into the depths. . . . Thus they crowded round the leper's field, like men watching some great mystery. But there was no mystery.
>
> "Have no illusions," my father said. "Picture him not as desperate, wringing his hands through long sleepless nights, and raging against God or against himself or against his fellow men. There is nothing within him save a vast insouciance. What indeed should he have in common with other men? His eyes are running, his arms are falling from him like dead branches, and all he knows of the town is a far-off rumbling of carts. Life is for him a pageant empty of concern; it nourishes him no more. You cannot live on an empty show, but only on that which you transform. Nor can you live by that which is stored in you, as in a warehouse. . . ."

Against those who "barter" themselves there are the "sedentaries," those who live on their store. The leper is damned because he is, ineluctably, of this class: "halting-places on the way to death, malignant caravanserais."

> "Observe him," my father said. "He has even stopped yawning. He has bidden farewell to everything, even that tedium which is men's awaiting."

We may read what depth of meaning we please into Saint-Exupéry's contemplations and riddles. As with all proverbial wisdom, it is easy to think of the proverb that contradicts; the dramatic quality of the book is in the story-telling, the pitilessness of the allegory, the surprise of the psychologist's knife. The ruler who finds the sentinel sleeping can evoke the hardships of the soldier's life, the beauty of his sleep; he can forgive the weakness of the man but not the symptom of decadence in the empire. We are carried through a complete moral dilemma and Saint-Exupéry knows how to arouse our emotion, until he places us before the final judgment: that a thriving State must kill its sleeping sentries, a weak State constrain them, but a State confronted by the perils of a changing world must win men by conquest not by constraint, conquest being the nobler act. A generalisation means nothing, of course; but it is a valuable psychological insight that personal conquest is more "effective," more "creative" than constraint.

I do not think Saint-Exupéry added much in this book—though the images are richer—to what he had more sharply and succinctly said in *Night Flight* or *Flight to Arras*, which was one of the dignified books to come out of the war. He had the French gift of situating his subject, the power of definition and of ridding a narrative of what was intellectually unnecessary. Most English books on aviation have been too diffuse, and ramble into the documenting of average intentions. They are more earnest than serious. The French, in their desire for a myth, compare Saint-Exupéry with T. E. Lawrence, but there is little resemblance between the two men, beyond the fact that both are articulate men of action and know the *virtu* of their professions. Both men have been seized upon as possible blue-prints or prototypes for a desired contemporary hero: the technician-leader. Lawrence was able to act this part romantically, as a Hamlet-like brigand, nipping to and fro over the frontier between illusion and reality, trading in the betrayals of success; Saint-Exupéry's role, in a later decade, was graver. As an airman he had apparent independence and loneliness, but he was not an isolated individual. Loneliness—see *Night Flight*—was a fortuitous disaster. He had his crew. He had the Group. He was—it is his favourite statement about human beings—nothing unless a "knot of relationships." Lawrence drew on the undisciplined instincts of his horde, their lust for plunder, and their love of being hypnotised by a leader. Saint-Exupéry comes closer to the contemporary man, for he depends on the intricately worked-out technical order. Duty, discipline, anonymity are indispensable. Flying on a dangerous mission over Arras, at the time of the fall of France, "bartering" himself for the conception of a free civilisation and agonised because he saw free men defeated by one of the termite societies, Saint-Exupéry searched his experience and beliefs.

What is a man? Not a collection of individual interests, but a collection of individual gifts. Humanism had lost the idea of the gift or the sacrifice. The stones of the cathedral were thought to be as important as the cathedral, the sum greater than the idea. So Saint-Exupéry speculated on the flight back from Arras after his escape from the gunfire into a hole in the clouds. In *Flight to Arras* spiritual and physical experience are matched; a fine intellect and a grave spirit play upon one another. The external detail is brilliantly managed. The transitions of

* *The Wisdom of the Sands*. By ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY. Translated with an introduction by STUART GILBERT. *Hollis & Carter*. 21s.

the flight from the doomed, green, peaceful country, to the crowded and discoloured sight of the war zone, are described with precision, economy and calm; and the crisis over the slates of Arras, with the puffs of smoke coming up slowly beneath the aircraft like juggler's balls, and then changing into the fantastic architecture of the barrage, is remarkable. Saint-Exupéry has no rhetoric. One sees the changes of mind of a man who thinks he is going to die, as clearly as if one were inside that mind, looking out now from this window now from that, upon some childhood scene, upon the coloured gunfire that appears in balls, in lines, in pyramids, in coloured tears slowly rolling down an oily sky. One has been put there, with all one's senses awakened and yet with the reign of the mind unshaken.

"What I value," Saint-Exupéry wrote to a friend—I take the lines from Mr. Stuart Gilbert's introduction to *The Wisdom of the Sands*—"is a certain arrangement of things. Civilisation is an invisible boon: it concerns not the things we see, but the unseen bonds linking these together in one special way and not otherwise." When we turn back to this book, we see "the special way" forming itself under his hand. The allegories, whatever they mean, are not leaden, but are subtle and alive with images, populated by innumerable feelings about the human situation. One has entered a world crowded with people who divide before the ruler and fall back one after the other into their appointed place in life. We shall remember, as we look back upon them, face after face: the generals who quarrelled, the woman who railed, the prisoner, the police looking for the secret society of men with moles on their cheeks, the leper, the sentinel and the dead enemy in his shroud of sand.

V. S. PRITCHETT

SONNET

Nothing, it seemed, between them and the grave.
No, as I looked, there was nothing anywhere.
You'd think no ground could be so flat and bare;
No little ridge or hump or bush to brave

The horizon. Yet they called that land their land,
Without a single thought drank in that air
As simple and equivocal as despair.
This, this was what I could not understand.

The reason was, there was nothing there but faith.
Faith shaped the whole, yes all they could see or hear
Or touch or think, and arched its break of day
Within them and around them every way.
They looked; all was transfigured far and near,
And the great world rolled between them and death.

EDWIN MUIR

A ROMANCE

These fields he tended nightly and alone
Where nothing but the great black poppies flourish
Which only moonlight and salt-water nourish.

She came in storm and trampled on his fields,
Then tore the black flowers from their roots and sang.
Up to the stormy moon her laughter rang.

She led him to the timeless fields of day,
Where unbelieving in her arms he heard
How buttercups and hawthorn keep their word.

JAMES REEVES

STRAWBERRY HILL, CONNECTICUT

Collector's Progress. By WILMARTH LEWIS. *Constable.* 30s.

Mr. Lewis is known all over the world as a perfervidly enthusiastic collector of material relating to Horace Walpole. He has assembled at Farmington, Connecticut, the originals of 2,600 letters to and from Walpole, about 800 volumes from his library as well as a mass of related literature, all of which he has bequeathed to Yale. This is the quarry of materials from which the great fifty-volume Yale edition of Walpole's correspondence is being prepared, of which fourteen volumes to date have made their stately progress from the press. The high purpose and immense value to scholarship of Mr. Lewis's activities are universally acknowledged. The unrepentant and inveterate collector's instinct which he possesses has rightly and resolutely refused to allow him to stop short at acquiring what was merely useful. Every piece of bric-à-brac dispersed at the Strawberry Hill sale of 1842 is the object of his quest, and it need be explained to no true collector why he found it necessary to purchase the front door of Walpole's house in Berkeley Square, or his lock of Madame de Maintenon's hair. For most of such evocative relics I share Mr. Lewis's enthusiasm, and indeed once became quite giddy from wearing Edward Gibbon's powerful spectacles. Hair, however, much collected by Walpole, I have always regarded as somewhat grisly. I am reminded of M. R. James's remark about the package of hair picked up on the carriage drive. "Do not, in any case, bring it into the house. It may not be alone. . . ."

Horace Walpole is the ideal subject for the collector. A mass of manuscript material survives; his literary output abounds in privately printed rarities, and to add to the excitement some of these were forged contemporarily by Walpole's own printer. He gave his own works away freely, and so many inscribed presentation copies are extant. The books he owned are identifiable by his bookplate, and many of them were annotated by him. Strawberry Hill was full of objects of art of every description. Catalogues survive of his possessions and frequent references to them are to be found in his correspondence. The fates were kind to Mr. Lewis when the whole collection was scattered at auction in 1842, for this has enabled him to spend thirty years of intense enjoyment assembling half of it again. His description of this vast treasure-hunt is excellent reading, enlivened by much wit and gaiety. The normal channels of inquiry proved a melancholy disappointment. A letter to *The Times Literary Supplement* did not produce a single reply, and a circular sent to eight hundred librarians was acknowledged by eight only. Such setbacks might have daunted a lesser man, but not Mr. Lewis. The clues were there, intelligible only to the esoteric brotherhood of bibliophiles, and the following up of them provides some of the most exciting passages in the book. I particularly relished the account of the reassembly of the bulk of Walpole's collection of some 500 plays, of which the bound volumes were broken up and the individual items scattered in 1914. Mr. Lewis is engagingly frank about the embarrassments sometimes experienced in his processes of "softening up" the nobility and gentry, preparatory to the removal of their Walpoliana. ("You are not suggesting that you take the family papers to America?") The vignettes of certain scholars and booksellers are brilliant, especially of A. W. Evans, Richard Bentley and "Mr. X," one of the most colourful figures in the book-trade during the present century; and there is a glimpse of Madame de Ricci with her wardrobe full of books which I shall treasure among my notes on the sufferings of collectors' wives. Mr. Lewis's achievements have not been made by industry alone, though that has been tireless. Think, for example, what is involved in his bald statement on the gathering together of Walpole's library. "In twenty-six years I acquired a title from it on the average of one every four and a half days." He possesses flair in the highest degree and has had more than his share of luck. No man could reasonably expect to have found an unpublished Walpole letter at Lima or his annotated set of *Archæologia* at Luxor.

This is one of the very few books which authentically communicates the heady exhilaration and the agonies of collecting, the flashes of inspiration that make one leap from a bus as it passes a bookshop, or even take a train to Tunbridge Wells or Edinburgh in the intuitive knowledge that something is awaiting discovery there. Mr. Lewis's interest in Walpole is widely respected. It might almost be described as proprietary. Librarians have handed over to him books in their custody and collectors withdrawn in his favour to an extent unique in my experience, a high tribute to the affection and esteem with which he is regarded, for bibliophiles are not notably ready to resign the field without a struggle. There is indeed something slightly indecent about owning a Walpole item which he lacks. I well remember entering a bookshop with a friend. The bookseller showed us a book, which we both wanted badly. Inspection revealed that it carried Walpole's bookplate. "Have you offered this to Lewis?" asked my friend. The bookseller hung his head and we all felt as though we'd been detected in some treasonable conspiracy. No more was said and the book is now at Farmington. Readers of Mr. Lewis's delightful reminiscences will understand why.

A. N. L. MUNBY

THE GENERAL AS POLITICIAN

Lafayette. By DAVID LOTH. *Cassell.* 21s.

Recalled to Service. By GENERAL MAXIME WEYGAND. *Heinemann.* 30s.

The general who turns politician arrives with his reputation ready made. Victorious in one field, he will be successful in another. He is "the man with the sword," who will cut through all difficulties; everything will be simple for him.

THE HISTORY OF
SPAIN
Louis Bertrand and Charles Petrie
The second revised and enlarged edition brings the history of Spain down to 1945.
"Erudite and of absorbing interest."
Illus. 30s. net SPECTATOR

THE SOUL OF MARSHAL
GILLES DE RAIZ
D. B. Wyndham Lewis
"Profound knowledge and scholarly understanding . . . wit and verve."
18s. net THE TIMES LIT. SUP.

A HISTORY OF
EUROPE
FROM 1713 to 1937
H. A. L. Fisher
The second half of Fisher's famous history of Europe is available for the first time as a separate volume.
"In the great tradition of English historiography." SIR ERNEST BARKER
623 pp. 17 maps *18s. net*
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

He usually turns out a simpleton all right. After all, his battles were won against other soldiers; no wonder the politicians are too clever for him. Hindenburg, MacMahon, Kitchener were all very well as long as they stuck to fighting; in politics they were bewildered oxen. Cromwell, the best soldier-statesman, had been a politician before he took to war; and even he found politics heavy going. Bonaparte, of course, was an exception to every rule; but in moments of real crisis the politicians were too clever for him. It is a wise rule of war not to attempt more than your resources permit; and the military mind is ill-adapted for the most supple of intellectual activities.

The history of modern France is littered with "silly soldier-men" who found politics too much for them. The French Revolution started with Lafayette as its hero; and the Third Republic was wound up by the two heroes, Pétain and Weygand. Lafayette was an endearing character, though of little importance in the world of politics. He meant always to be "the soldier of liberty" and never forgot that he was the spiritual son of George Washington. Though he failed to save the French monarchy in 1792, he held out against the blandishments of Napoleon, when many abler men succumbed; and he launched the monarchy of July after the revolution of 1830—not an achievement which gave him much satisfaction. In fact he died from a chill, caught while demonstrating against the constitutional monarchy which he had himself created. He deserves a good popular biography; and David Loth has given him one very competently. Lafayette had also an enterprising sex-life. Like many other French generals, he had more than his share of virility and kept both wife and mistress in play until well after sixty. It is a blemish of Mr. Loth's book that he gives the reader rather a plateful of rounded bosoms.

Weygand was also a political soldier. Despite his military reputation, he had never commanded an army in the field until he took over the shattered remnants of the French forces from Gamelin on May 19, 1940; and since the war was already lost, his memoirs have little military interest. His overiding concern is to shift the blame on to others. A few years ago he brought out a volume of so-called conversations with his son. These were actually scraps of the present memoirs, so arranged and commented on as to put the blame for the defeat of France on the British. This theme is now muted. Instead Weygand renews his controversy with Reynaud which dominated the last days of the Third Republic. Reynaud wanted a military capitulation; Weygand a political armistice. For the one wanted to save the Republic, and the other the honour of the army. It seems beyond dispute that Reynaud would not formulate the conception of an armistice even to himself; and the later controversies with Great Britain would have been lessened, if the question of an armistice had been frankly discussed. Weygand has a good point here. On the other hand, he slides over his own hostility to the British and belief in their approaching defeat, which plenty of contemporaries observed; and his memoirs are thus a less detached record than they strive to appear. After the armistice, Weygand was a genuine *attentiste*. He waited for an opportunity to restore French independence, perhaps even to re-enter the war. But the political simplicity which had hardly held its own against Reynaud was certainly no match for Laval, let alone Hitler. In truth, generals do little to improve politics in victory and make failure deeper in defeat.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

from the French.....

Georges ARNAUD

The Wages of Fear

V. S. PRITCHETT[1] "A blunt, vivid and desperate tale of courage, fear and suspense. The story is gripping and I could not put it down."

LIONEL HALE[2] "His writing has intelligence . . . and animal vigour."

JOSEPH TAGGART[3] "Terrific suspense... exceptional power."

[1]BOOKMAN [2]OBSERVER [3]STAR

Translated by Norman Dale 9s. 6d.

Georges BERNANOS

The Fearless Heart

His last great work is the story, in dramatic dialogue form, of the sixteen Carmelite nuns of Compiègne. Mother Marie and the fear-dominated Blanche de la Force are creations as powerful and as unforgettable as the figures of his great works 'Diary of a Country Priest' and 'Joy.'

Translated by Michael Legat 10s. 6d.

THE BODLEY HEAD

THE NEW GANG

Low's Company. By DAVID LOW. *Methuen.* 42s.

In the briefest of forewords, Mr. Low explains that his new gallery is given over to the young, and that they have brought him some disappointment. They are neither so large nor so pompous, so idiosyncratic, so indefensible—not in fact so funny—as the old. Who could provide a pantomime dame to match Jix? Where is the porky Lord Chief, slumped in his 1 a.m. corner of the Underground? Where are Shaw and Wells? Where, in the valeting of premiers, are romantic handlebars, or the pipe of trust, or the gamp flying out against guns? Mr. Churchill, it is true, still happily presents a cartoon walking; but then he belong rather to the era of Spy. There has been some loss in caricaturability as in personal oddity; our styles grow functional. Or is it perhaps Low himself who has changed, the eye having grown kinder than a satirist's should? These fifty portraits betray, not perhaps the knocking on the door, but open house in which amused respect is the limit of arrogance. Mr. Low has learnt good manners, and I don't know that it's altogether a good thing.

By far the sharpest page in the book discloses the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in a flutter of galley-reading. He squats on a table corner with a leg tucked under, the eye gleams, the beak hacks, one hand tickles the poll while the other grasps proofs, and the next moment may see him guffawing or springing out of the window. "Half angel and half moke" is the verse attachment on the opposite page; but what Low's line asserts is a mixture of grasshopper, cockatoo, and the outsider coming home in the point-to-point. I don't say that is all Kingsley Martin, but the caricature is all Low. Other triumphs on or near the same level are Joad, or Brain-pans for Belly-laughs, and Lords Beveridge and Russell: the first a truant vicar, and the second Harpo's better brother. Not exactly young, any of them, though I suppose "young in spirit" will accommodate them.

The liveliest of the politicians seem to me a gurgling Eden, a wan Strachey, and a lumbering Hogg with one hand seeking the expressiveness of ballet. The R. A. Butler of crooked finger and beaming regard embodies nurse and babe in one. One may never have seen Mr. Butler—I haven't—but this portrait instils him unforgettably, whereas the eyelashes and innocent protest of Bevan catch an attitude. Caricature need not, of course, be round. It may—some would say, must—be devilishly sharp. *Low's Company* has its successes in both kinds, with leanings towards a but-we-wish-'em-well that would have horrified the younger Low.

To come at last to the "younger generation"—who do find a place here and there among the more notorious—there is a charming Benjamin Britten, all swot, shyness, and lid-bulge; and the village idiot has turned into Peter Ustinov with disarming ease. Stephen Spender and Graham Green strike quite differently from the originals, or rather they seem to me not to strike at all, to be journeyman's impressions. But one could go on and on, admiring and criticising, unearthing daisy eyes here, rabbit chins there. It is the satirist's privilege to discover in all of us features of clay.

The verse accompaniments, by Helen Spalding and L. A. G. Strong, try to add rather too much. They are long where they should be brief, they mix styles (a Popeian line in a parody of Eliot), and they exaggerate the hearty pat on the back that follows the soft kick. However, their successes please too: "When lovely woman stoops to Economics" nicely introduces Miss Barbara Ward and the corridors of the House of Commons will be resounding to "Herbert Herbert Morrison Morrison."

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

The Choice. By MARC BRANDEL. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

With Hope, Farewell. By ALEXANDER BARON. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

Golden Horn. By BASIL DAVIDSON. *Cape.* 15s.

Finale Berlin. By HEINZ REIN. *Werner Laurie.* 15s.

How, ponders the novelist, can half a dozen totally unconnected strangers be indissolubly united by an absolutely inevitable coincidence? Such is the problem that Mr. Brandel must solve when he writes in the manner of his first marvellous *Ides of Summer*. Its solution will not only give him his plot, but involve his readers, set them stewing vicariously in its terror: for every reader, deep down, feels himself, too, to be a stranger, linked with all other strangers, subject to doom, and pursued by unpredictable death.

The answer is simple, original, neat and convincing; towed over the ocean-floor of New York it becomes a dragnet for queer fish, who burst when they reach the surface, and reveal all their innards. Nat Mason is a young insecticide-salesman whose one pleasure is to steal objects from ladies' bathrooms; caught in flagrant delight by a customer he feels he must kill her or die; with some moronic inkling of confusing his tracks, he sends the same threatening letter not merely to his victim, but to other names and addresses chosen at hazard from his log-book. And the interest of the novel comes of two ideas, which are worked out with enticing indirectness till they seem not arbitrary fancies but important truths, applicable to these random characters precisely because they are random; because, in our age when (as Mr. Eliot says) "all cases are unique and very similar," any other choice would reveal the same verities.

First, most of the pseudo-victims, though duly amazed, feel they have been fearing just this ever since they can remember. Secondly, still more strangely, by a macabre, understandable error, Nat Mason sends one of the letters to Ned Marlowe, the customer whose name he has chosen for the signature of them all: imagine receiving a letter saying "I'm going to exterminate you right out dead for what you done," and signed with your own name! But Ned Marlowe, although he is, also, a mildly intelligent commercial artist, *is* Nat Mason: at least, it is Ned Marlowe's brain that draws the strip-cartoons, called *Snake Woman* or *Toad Girl*, that Nat

"One of the most terrible stories a man has lived to tell."

THE
WHITE
RABBIT

by
BRUCE MARSHALL

This is the true story of Wing Commander F. Yeo-Thomas G.C., M.C.,—the *White Rabbit*—who organised French Resistance and survived the horrors of Buchenwald. Recommended by the Book Society.

From all Booksellers. *Illustrated* 16/- *net*

EVANS

Wilmarth Lewis
Collector's Progress

Inspirer and editor-in-chief of the Yale Edition of the *Correspondence of Horace Walpole*, Wilmarth Lewis has now written reminiscences of his collecting life. *John o' London* writes: "both a Walpolian footnote and a tale of treasure hunting. In both aspects it is a thriller." *Illustrated* 21s.

★

Ben Goodwin
Down Our Street

Illustrated by Mervyn Wilson

Sketches of Jewish life in Manchester in a language fantastically amusing and brilliantly rendered. 12s. 6d.

CONSTABLE

FABER BOOKS

The Film of Murder in the Cathedral
T. S. ELIOT AND G. HOELLERING

The complete scenario of this important film contains new scenes specially written by Mr. Eliot and not elsewhere published. It will also interest historians of the period and devotees of the art of the film. *With many drawings and photographs, some in colour.* 25/-

Film and Its Techniques
RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE

An authoritative statement of the art of documentary film-making for both amateur and professional by the producer-director, who was responsible for the Festival of Britain Telekinema. *Fully illustrated.* 42/-

My Naval Life
STEPHEN KING-HALL

The editor-founder of *National News-Letter* tells a lively, forthright and amusing story of his early life and travels. *With many photographs.* 18/-

The Story of Plastic Surgery
GEORGE BANKOFF

The well-known surgeon explains the development and potentialities of plastic surgery, showing how man can rebuild man. *With many photographs and drawings.* 18/-

Three Rivers of France
FREDA WHITE

The Lot, Dordogne and Tarn, and the lovely region of France surrounding them, are the subject of this delightful book, which is also a practical and up-to-date guide to routes, roads, hotels, etc. *With many photographs and a folding map.* 25/-

The Palm-Wine Drinkard
AMOS TUTUOLA

This astonishing story by a West African is a curious blend of native folklore stimulated by European inventions. It tells how a palm-wine drinkard sought his dead tapster in the Deads' Town, and of his amazing adventures during his quest. 10/6

new fiction

Shameful Harvest
A. G. STREET

Mr. Street's first novel for six years—and his best. 12/6

The Smoking Mountain
KAY BOYLE

'Most perceptive—completely truthful . . . this is short-story writing at its best . . . Each of these stories is basically about an aspect of guilt, the guilt of the American conquerors as much as of the German conquered.'—Marghanita Laski: *Observer.* 15/-

A Play Toward
ELIZABETH COXHEAD

'A delightful novel, amusing, penetrating, sensible and very moving.'—C. P. Snow: *Sunday Times.* Author of *One Green Bottle.* 12/6

FABER BOOKS

Ready on 8 *May*

THE WORLD IN MARCH 1939

Being a Prologue to the Survey of International Affairs, 1939—1946

edited by
ARNOLD TOYNBEE and
FRANK ASHTON-GWATKIN

45s. *net*

Ready on 15 *May*

SOVIET DOCUMENTS ON FOREIGN POLICY

Volume II, 1925—1932

Selected and edited by JANE DEGRAS

45s. *net*

Both these books are published under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

BYRON, SHELLEY
AND THEIR PISAN CIRCLE

Professor C. L. CLINE

The months spent by Byron and Shelley together in Italy are of great importance in the history of both and this volume offers much new material drawn mainly from the colourful, and not always harmonious, crowd that they attracted. *Illust. 25s. net.*

CHARLES NAPIER
FRIEND AND FIGHTER 1782-1853

ROSAMOND LAWRENCE

Charles Napier, son of the brilliant Lady Sarah Lennox, had many of his mother's characteristics. This biography is a vivid study of a personality flashing and tender by turns, determined, explosive, obstinate, honourable and always humane. *Illustrated. 21s. net.*

Fiction

WHO RIDETH SO WILD

RICHARD VAUGHAN

Author of "Moulded in Earth"

Another dramatic novel of Wales by an author of whom George Malcolm Thompson said "provides a blood transfusion for the anæmic British novel." *10s. 6d. net.* *May 7.*

ADELIZA

CATHERINE GAYTON

Author of "Those Sinning Girls," etc.

"Viewed as a thriller with no psychological implications, the story is marked by an originality which is rare." *Aberdeen Press.* **9s. 6d. net.** *Just Out.*

JOHN MURRAY

Mason's sense faints picturing. Jill Hillside is Nat Mason: she treasures on her bathroom door the same photograph of a lady all-in wrestler that Nat has pinned above his lonely bed. Mr. Chambrun, the immigrant antique dealer who hates his American saviours, Mike Conlon, the small-time racketeer, Albert, the English drunk, all, all are horrifyingly, desperately like Nat Mason! And Mr. Brandel's six victims come to resemble the world, a world made up of identical-twin individuals all threatened with violent death, none know for what reason, in what manner, at what hour, by an unknown, half-pathetic psychopath who somehow resembles themselves. So the novel winds its superbly constructed way through the wandering rocks of New York (Mr. Brandel adores the tenth chapter of *Ulysses*), to the final twist of the last paragraph, which is however no mere trick ending, but a consummate popping of the hitherto missing tin lid on all that has gone before.

Mr. Brandel is now quite certainly among the most important of the new, post-war American novelists. His good side borders on the empire of Hemingway, his bad side on the corrupt pocket-state of the author of *Lost Weekend*, but he is a country in himself, sober, funny, traditional, *sui generis*, and possessing a climate in which literature can live. I wish to eat the words with which I greeted his bad second novel. I hope he will persist in exploiting the permutations of future and past, actual and possible murder: it is an obsession not private to himself, but inherent in our civilisation as he sees it; it is the form in which he best disposes his own inexhaustible variety; it is a caprice as natural and harmless, as delightful to the reader and fruitful to the artist, as Mr. Henry Green's for ending the titles of his novels with the syllable *-ing*.

With Hope, Farewell is warming, entertaining, full of unquestionable reality; but (unlike *From the City, from the Plough*) it rarely succeeds in suggesting more than it says. Mr. Baron has written, and will write, better books than this. It is about a young London Jew, whose world is divided, to his anger and despair, into "us" and "them." During the war, when Jew and Gentile for a time cease to exist as such, he is "in"; after the war (for he lives near Dalston Junction) he is again "out." The proletarian aspect of the novel, the hero's adolescence, love and marriage, are comparable with such achievements of the pre-war Birmingham group as Mr. Leslie Halward's *Gus and Ida*; the Jewish enclave, exiled in their modern Babylon, are earthy, charming, made convincing by detail and sympathy. Paradoxically, it is their enemies who are unreal: to the majority of Mr. Baron's readers anti-Semitism will seem none the less incredible and insane for their having read in the newspapers evidence that it exists in England. In a work of art a monstrous passion cannot be simply assumed. Mr. Baron begins to solve this difficulty when he reveals for the first time the existence of anti-Semitism. The hero is guarding the synagogue by night; two dark shapes approach—he fingers his gun. They are Gentiles come to share his watch—"Fair's fair, ain't it, mate?" It is the finest incident in the novel, but it comes too late; it is in the last chapter.

How very pleasant, even when it is afflicted with loose ends and is 100 pages too long, is a novel that begins: "Manley Frazer lived through the first part of that winter on the third floor of a timber house which overlooked the Golden Horn." *Golden Horn* is about a plot to Tito-ise Bulgaria. The nerve-wracked British agent and Truman-aid American, who set it in motion, must wait in appalling anxiety for its outcome and suffer the consequences of its failure. The enormous immanence of the conspirators Frazer and Eichelberger is only enhanced by the reader's feeling that he has, somehow, failed quite to get to know them; that they live, in fact, without his help, in spite of him. *Golden Horn* is in nearly every sense a Byzantine novel. Its minor characters, the Edwardian knight, the Hungarian count, and their salons, the multifarious Turks, have the special reality that comes of their perching, strictly in the present, each on his own midden-heap of centuries of decaying tradition. Its presentation of Byzantium-Constantinople-Istanbul, capital city of the cold war—the minarets, the bars, the lights on the water—is surely one of the most remarkable evocations of place in the present-day English novel.

Finale Berlin is a bitter novel, full of soldiers' *Galgenhumor*, about the German Underground filtering to the surface in the ultimate days of Hitler's Infernal City. With its closing irony it clenches in one fist the whole unfinished history of our time: they hand-grenade the last Nazi, emerge from their cellar free at last; and towards them, with a broad smile of comradeship, walks the first Russian soldier.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

DENT

In the author's important series on the literary history of America

The Confident Years
1885–1915
Van Wyck Brooks

Covering the period from W. D. Howells and Theodore Roosevelt (New York in the eighties) to the Younger Generation of 1915 with Ezra Pound, Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, Hemingway, and many others. 21s. net

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

Mrs. Robert Henrey
continues her vivid autobiography begun in *The Little Madeleine*

Madeleine Grown Up

Mrs. Henrey now tells of her life in London when, while living with her mother in one Soho room, she worked as a manicurist at the Savoy Hotel, to the time of her marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square. 15s. net

New Edition in
Everyman's Reference Library

Smaller Classical Dictionary

Revised from SIR WILLIAM SMITH

Completely up to date, embodying the findings of modern scholarship and archaeology; a student's invaluable reference book and a miniature of the ancient world, its personalities, arts, life, and letters.
With 32 pages of photographs. 12s. 6d. net

Descriptive leaflet of the volumes in Everyman's Reference Library post free from the publishers:
J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., Bedford St., London, W.C.2.

THE LAWS OF NATURE

Carl Linnaeus. By KNUT HAGBERG. *Cape.* 18s.

The Linnaean system of classification of plants and animals is Sweden's greatest single contribution to human knowledge. While his contemporary and kinsman Swedenberg was classifying the orders of angels and demons with the painstakingness usually attributed to natural scientists, Linnaeus saw the natural world bathed in a visionary radiance. "God has suffered him," he wrote of himself, "to peep into his secret cabinet. God has suffered him to see more of his created work than any mortal before him." Aristotelian in his method, he was Spinozan in his view of nature as a whole, believing that the purpose of the earth is God's teaching, apparent through the works of nature.

In his belief that he was the only man who had correctly interpreted God's manifest teaching, he was truthful rather than vain. The Darwinian evolution of complex from simpler forms through a process of natural selection was unknown to him; but he first perceived the organic relatedness of species within their genera, and formed the hypothesis that God had created only generic forms, from which specific forms were derived by variation. Linnaeus's approach to nature is characterised by the same intense delight in minute particulars as one finds in Darwin's early writings, a quality which the scientist shares with the poet—for only the poet and the scientist really look at nature. He wrote poems also, and poetic prose descriptions of his travels in Lapland, or of country life of Sweden, that are reminiscent of Virgil, or of Bewick's woodcuts:

> The roofs drip in the noonday sun. The sallow's catkins come out. The snow thaws by the walls. The lark begins his trilling. The water runs down the walls. . . . The horse manure corrodes the ice. The *Lycopodium selago* smokes.

In the ordered organic whole, man, too, has his part. The *Nemesis Divina* is only an extension of the same laws as govern nature; Linnaeus observes that young girls in love sometimes "get chlorosis, grow green in the face, indeed, often leap into the lake and drown themselves" with the same kindly factualism as he noted the sexuality of flowers. He was a man of his century, and no romantic!

The son of a country clergyman in South Sweden, Linnaeus grew up in what in retrospect seemed to him an earthly paradise of birds and flowers. As a student, his distinction won him immediate success, and the story of his life is of a steady rise to fame, eminence and wealth. University professor, royal physician, owner of one of the most beautiful country properties in Sweden, raised to the peerage, world famous—was he a happy man? His wife, alas, was "tall, strong, domineering and ill-bred." Vanity of vanities—no wonder that his favourite reading was the Book of Ecclesiastes. Vital, vain, much given to academic jealousies, loving laughter, but intolerant of fools, dancing the polka, even as an old man, better than his students, Linnaeus was a character. His approach to nature was poetic and intensely emotional; he was fascinated by what was curious in nature—what he called "artful." "The birds' light cavalry" he loved above all, and he detested amphibians—"an ugly, horrible, naked pack, on foot." In those happy days, an æsthetic sense, and even a quite irrational scunner at the frog, were not considered inconsistent with the purity of the scientific outlook.

KATHLEEN RAINE

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

Health and The Citizen. By JOSEPH V. WALKER. *Hollis & Carter.* 10s. 6d.

Cruelty to Children. By EUSTACE CHESSER. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

These two doctors have much in common—gruff common sense on social matters, polemical crispness on behaviour problems, careful separation of symptoms from causes, emphatic confidence in diagnosis, and some indistinctness when it comes to prescription. It is not unfair to Dr. Walker's more general book to consider it in the same context as Dr. Chesser's, for the position of children in the modern state is his most urgent theme and his book partly fills some of the gaps left by the other.

Dr. Walker is a powerful and original writer. His is a "philosophic inquiry into public health," infused with mysticism, strenuously Roman Catholic. The health and welfare of children, he says, have been and are likely to remain safest in Christian keeping. "The Christian confers the same human dignity upon the child as upon the adult." Childhood has a peculiar sanctification in the doctrine of the Incarnation and of the hidden life of the youthful Lord of All, who was subject to Mary and Joseph. (Dr. Chesser, for his part, reports inconveniently that "in those nations which we consider backward, cruelty to children as we know it is comparatively rare.") Children will be well cared-for, says Dr. Walker, when parents are healthy in mind and body; and

LOW'S COMPANY

Fifty portraits by DAVID LOW

With Verses by
HELEN SPALDING
and L. A. G. STRONG

Kingsley Martin

About the drawings

'Low the caricaturist at his very zenith. These drawings alone would make him famous even if, for twenty years, he had not been the greatest political cartoonist in the world.' *Daily Herald.*

About the verses

'It is a long time since rhyming was put more neatly or more good-naturedly to the service of contemporary satire.' *The Times* 42s.

METHUEN

The autobiography of

Philip Inman

(LORD INMAN OF KNARESBOROUGH)

NO GOING BACK

"An attractive simplicity, an enviable serenity, characterise the whole book." *Times Literary Supplement*

"Modest, sincere and readable . . . Few will read it unmoved . . . A really fascinating story." *Yorkshire Post*

Illustrated 12s. 6d.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE

Mark Tellar

A YOUNG MAN'S PASSAGE

"A considerable curiosity — a young man's life in the Nineties recounted with extreme candour . . . I believe that many readers will like this book." RAYMOND MORTIMER in the *Sunday Times*

"Mr. Tellar has written an exceptional book." VERNON FANE in the *Sphere.*

18s.

HOME AND VAN THAL

MACGIBBON & KEE BOOKS

Spy "Trial" with a difference

Ordeal by SLANDER

By OWEN LATTIMORE

Dr. Lattimore (now a Johns Hopkins Professor) was named "top Soviet spy in U.S.A." How he successfully rebutted the charge in the face of a "tide of fear that was sweeping Washington." 13s.6d.

A New Writer

MR. NICHOLAS

by Thomas Hinde

Family life pin-pointed in all its mutual discomfort, wry humour and affection in the face of total misunderstanding. 25-year-old author's first novel. 12s.6d.

Have you yourself read

Leslie STEPHEN

By NOEL ANNAN

"I doubt whether any living educationist or critic possesses comparable knowledge of the threads that went to compose the 19th century tapestry . . . A delight to read." Harold Nicolson *(Observer)* 25s.

MACGIBBON & KEE

LABOUR, MR. BEVAN and BRITAIN'S FUTURE

R. P. D.

ALSO: The Press and Germ Warfare (D. N. Pritt, Q.C.); Germany and Peace (Quaestor); General Elections in India (Ajoy Ghosh); Peace Manifesto of 1877 (William Morris).

ALL IN THE MAY

LABOUR MONTHLY

1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or postal sub. 18s. (Overseas 19s.).

From N.5, 134 BALLARDS LANE, N.3

B.Sc. ECON.

— University of London

● The above Degree is *open to all without residence*, and provides a valuable qualification for men and women who seek executive appointments in commerce or industry, government or municipal posts, or promotion in the teaching profession. Study for the Degree covers a course of wide and interesting reading. U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students by post for the required examinations. The College is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified specialist Tutors. Fees are moderate and may be paid by instalments.

★ PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

70 Burlington House, Cambridge

UNWIN

Ten Great Economists

JOSEPH SCHUMPETER

In this collection of essays one of the greatest economists of our day has written brilliant evaluations of the men most influential in shaping economic thought during the past century. The "ten great economists" are, in chronological order, Karl Marx, Marie Esprit Leon Walras, Carl Menger, Alfred Marshall, Vilfredo Pareto, Eugen von Bohm-Bawerk, Frank William Taussig, Irving Fisher, Wesley Clair Mitchell, and John Maynard Keynes. By the author of *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy.* 21s. *net*

Equality

R. H. TAWNEY

Dr. Tawney has revised and added a new chapter dealing with developments since 1938, to his impressive contribution to political thought. Reviewing the first edition Professor Laski wrote: "It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Tawney's book is of the first importance. It attacks the central problem of the modern age with a swift incisiveness, a wealth of knowledge . . . difficult to praise too highly."

4th revised edn. 15s. *net*

The American Presidency

HAROLD J. LASKI

". . . the main themes of this book, the central character of the Presidency, its unifying force in American institutional life, its deep psychological hold on the American people's imagination, are brilliantly worked out."—*The Spectator.*

3rd imp. 12s. 6d. *net*

On Education Especially in Early Childhood

BERTRAND RUSSELL

"An essentially practical book. . . . There is no denying the interest and importance of this book."—*The Spectator.* "A stimulating and provocative treatise on the upbringing of the young. Every sentence is lively and amusing."—*Time and Tide.*

11th imp. 10s. 6d. *net*

Outlines of Indian Philosophy

M. HIRIYANNA

"This admirable text-book . . . well proportioned and clearly arranged: written in a style entirely worthy of the dignity of its subject."—*Theology.* *2nd imp.* 21s. *net*

A Short History of the British Working Class Movement, 1789–1947

G. D. H. COLE

"A first-rate performance . . . the book is well balanced and well proportioned. . . . Students can rely on Mr. Cole for accuracy in matters of fact."—*New Statesman and Nation.* *3rd imp.* 25s. *net*

ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.

A great new novel by

JOHN P. MARQUAND

MELVILLE GOODWIN, U.S.A.

The intimate story, superbly told, of a brilliant General who could not command his own heart.

General Sir Brian Horrocks: "Most amusing and witty. Anyone who has had any connection with military life will recognize many familiar figures. Written with a wealth of understanding. I enjoyed it immensely." 512 pages. 15/-

ERNEST DUDLEY's

PICAROON

Based on the actual memoirs of that scandalous 18th century actor, rake and "Prince of Pickpockets," George Barrington, the "Armchair Detective" has written a rumbustious, gaudy, bawdy story: historically accurate and vastly entertaining. 10/6

The first full-length biography of KING IBN SAUD

H. St. John B. PHILBY's

ARABIAN JUBILEE

"Biography and character study of one of the most remarkable Arab statesmen of all time. Deserves to rank high. Long, but every page is readable"—*Times*. Lavishly Illus. 30/-

MICHAEL F. PAGE's

A SEA WITH MANY ISLANDS

Vivid and fresh, the personal record of a young merchant seaman, on shipboard and ashore, among the multitude of tropic islands from the Bay of Bengal to Japan. Illustrated. 16/-

"A Notable New Series" —DAILY TELEGRAPH

THE REGIONAL BOOKS

Companion, complementary series to the famous "COUNTY BOOKS."

H. J. MASSINGHAM's

THE SOUTHERN MARCHES

"Absorbing account of historic region between Wye and Usk"—*Sphere*. "Grand territory. He has a seeing eye and well-stored mind"—*Howard Spring*. "Exceedingly pleasant, informative readable"—*Times Lit. Supp.* "In class by itself"—*Birmingham Post*. Beautifully illustrated. 21/-

ROBERT HALE

although man is right in striving to become more healthy and to better his material as well as his spiritual lot, the first object of human search is the Kingdom of God. You get neither health nor happiness (its by-product) by frontal attack—"the self-conscious seeker after health seldom conforms to the Herculean types advertised in the magazines that cater for him." And Dr. Walker, after a rather frightening portrayal of modern leisure and a powerful analysis of unfulfilled living, the raw material of dictatorships, goes on to present the disintegration of the family as second only, in its dire consequences, to the growth of materialism and scientific humanism.

Dr. Chesser goes to work more simply, quietly, and indeed kindly, relying for his shock effects on the horrifying newspaper stories of cruelty to children with which, relevantly or otherwise, he heads each of his chapters. Like Dr. Walker, he seeks to *understand* the ill-treatment of children, which he thinks is a disease of city civilisation. A contented person, he says, is not cruel.

> If a man has work which fulfils and satisfies him, a home in which his needs are met, and a certain amount of peril to face . . . he will have no need to vent his frustration on those who should be nearest and dearest to him.

He is a long way ahead of most people in urging that, when we begin to keep records showing the effect of punishment on cruel or neglectful parents, we shall need to record also its secondary effect on their victims. He discusses the punishments now prescribed (incidentally getting the main one wrong—the maximum summary penalty under the Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, is six months, not three); and, concluding that no punishment, heavy or light, will ever touch the roots of this problem, he calls for a "children's charter" to be administered by a National Children's Authority—something like the Family Service Units on a huge scale and no longer voluntary. The idea of some authority to co-ordinate, locally, the child welfare work of the Ministries of Health and Education and the Home Office is not new, and the Children's Officers appointed in 1948 by local authorities for that very job may read Dr. Chesser's recommendations with some bitterness. But his scheme would involve a Children's Ministry, a national corps of "sitters-in," instruction courses in marriage and home making, and a school curriculum devised to teach children—the parents of the future—how to live. ("Ask any young girl from school," he says, "what she was taught about how to become a woman.")

Both these men write from experience and from the heart—Dr. Walker rather angrily, and with an eloquence that seems at times to catch him unawares; Dr. Chesser in the chopped-off, three-line paragraphs of a tabloid newspaper article—and in language that occasionally seems naive until you realise that this man is talking "straight at you," earnestly, sincerely, and without jargon. His, the less engrossing book, is the more measured and I should say the more valuable.

C. H. ROLPH

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. BRAHMS: No. 1 (Concertgebouw/Van Beinum. *LXT 2675); No. 3 (Concertgebouw/Szell. *LXT 2676). It is possible that the first of these discs is simply the LP version of a performance that was issued on SP some time ago; my ear distinguishes no difference in the reading (in any case a fine, traditional one) or in the playing, unless it be in the violin solo at the end of the Adagio, which sounded thin and smothered in the SP set, but soars up quite clearly in the LP. Both this and No. 3 are very well recorded, though the high strings could be sweeter and more solid. Georg Szell has never, in my memory, achieved a performance more convincing in every detail, or grander in panoramic sweep. PROKOFIEV: No. 6, Op. 111 (Suisse Romande/Ansermet. *LXT 2667). I think this may be Prokofiev's finest orchestral work. Although the first two movements (both very extensive) are subject to the sudden changes of mood and episodes of mopsical violence that are characteristic of the composer but inimical to sonata form, this work makes a more truly symphonic impression than No. 5. The harmony is easy to digest, the material beautiful—at times even tender; while the quick march Finale is exhilarating, if rather empty. Both performance and recording are all that could be desired.

Concertos. BEETHOVEN: Violin Concerto (Campoli/LSO/Krips. *LXT 2674). A disappointing issue. Always a tasteful and attentive executant, Alfredo Campoli here seems rather overwhelmed by the grandeur of the work, and his handling of the solo is very cautious, sub-fusc, lacking in eloquence—in a word, mousy. To make matters worse, Krips takes the music so slowly that the first movement seems endless and the whole work devitalised. The recording, however, is nice and solid. Ida Haendel's SP set (HMV) is the best recent version. BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 3, C minor (Moiseiwitsch/Philharmonia/Sargent. C 4160-3). There are some moments of really beautiful solo playing here—notably in the Largo—but they are not enough to compensate for inelastic conducting in the first movement, a very constricted recording and a balance that allows the piano to drown the orchestral detail with passage-work. The admirable Solomon set remains the best available. BACH: Violin Concerto, A minor (Goldberg/Philharmonia/Susskind. SW 8140-1). This is a fine example of serene, classical playing; but the tone, both of the soloist and of the strings, is distinctly pinched and the harpsichord continuo scarcely audible. The Columbia set is better recorded, but Tibor Varga's romantic vibrato is not to everyone's taste. The oldish Menuhin set is possibly still the safest recommendation. HAYDN: Cello Concerto, D major (Fournier/Philharmonia/Kubelik. DB 21448-50). Pierre Fournier's over-ripe, sentimental handling of the solo emphasises the stylistic aberrations of Gevaert's arrangement. The result is not true Haydn, but those who are not fussy about such things will find much to enjoy in the juicy tone of this excellently recorded issue. MARTINU: Double Concerto for two string orchestras, piano and timpani (Philharmonia/Kubelik. C 7911-3). I question whether this was the best choice with which to introduce the leading Czech composer of today to British discophiles. To be sure, two of Martinu's symphonies (Nos. 3 and 4) are available in Supraphon recordings; but these are not obtainable from ordinary dealers and many people will not know of their existence. The Third Symphony at least appears to me more representative of the best in this prolific but oddly uncritical composer than the Double Concerto, a very grey, congested and (by any standard) rebarbative work dating from before the war. It seems improbable that any but specialists will be deeply interested in this glum essay in the neo-classical style, particularly as the recording, fuzzy and shrill, does nothing to clarify the overwritten music. Readers who want to tackle Martinu are advised to pay a visit to Collet's Holdings, at 48 Woburn Place, W.C.1, where, besides the two symphonies, they will find many interesting examples of Czech and other music in the Supraphon catalogue. RAWSTHORNE: Piano Concerto No. 2 (Curzon/LSO/Sargent. *LX 3066). Distinctly inferior to Rawsthorne's First Piano Concerto, this work, though full of incidental beauties, does not hang together or make an impression commensurate with its size. In fact, until the Finale, which is distinguished by a fine, open-air tune *à la* Copland, the concerto resembles a fire that refuses to draw. Clifford Curzon handles the solo with authority and does all that can be done to recommend the material; but the recording is not at all immediate and tape hum insists on confusing the harmony.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. TELEFUNKEN ISSUES. Five inaugural LP discs (LGM = 10-inch, LGX = 12-inch), published by Decca and admirably played by the Belgian Radio Orchestra under Franz André, exhibit some of the best orchestral tone I have yet heard on records. The issues include

Ravel's *La Valse* and *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales* (*LGM 65003), Debussy's *Ibéria* and Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé*, Second Suite (*LGX 66001), Dukas' *L'Apprenti Sorcier* and the ballet suite (arr. Mottl) from Grétry's *Céphale et Procris* (*LGM 65004), and the Fourth Symphony of one of the foremost contemporary German composers, Karl Amadeus Hartmann (*LGM 65001). Apart from some insensitive conducting in the middle movement of *Ibéria*, these are easily the best available versions of the much-recorded works by Ravel, Debussy and Dukas; while the Hartmann symphony, though unsmiling and rather sinister in feeling, is a most arresting and thoughtful work, for which repeated hearings have served only to deepen my respect. The symphony is scored for strings alone and the recording is an absolute model of glorious string tone—far superior to that usually achieved by Decca themselves. I hope we shall have many more of these Telefunken issues; they set a new standard. BACH: Fugue, A minor; Fugue, G minor ("The Great"); Ricercare in six parts from *The Musical Offering*; BEETHOVEN: *Grosse Fuge* (Stuttgart Chamber Orch./Münchinger. *LXT 2668). The players are at their best and the recording is excellent; but, apart from the Ricercare, the choice of music is not very happy. Shorn of the magnificent Fantasia, which precedes it, the G minor organ fugue hardly achieves its full musical effect; and, despite the undoubted gain in beauty and solidity of tone, I do not think the *Grosse Fuge* makes the proper impression when transferred to a body of strings. Individual voices, however strident, are necessary to this ferocious musical argument. MOZART: Serenade No. 9, D major ("Posthorn"), K 320 (Suisse Romande/Maag. *LXT 2671). Exquisite scoring, and passages of poetic beauty, compensate for the rather perfunctory nature of whole stretches of this Serenade. Peter Maag achieves a wonderfully finished performance, conspicuous for fine chording and well-observed detail. The recording is mainly excellent, though with an occasional rasp; but the issue is in every way superior to the recent Nixa LP of the same piece. MOZART: Serenade, E flat major, K 375 (London Baroque Ensemble. R 20610-2). This is altogether one of the finest of Mozart's Serenades and it receives a performance and recording worthy of it. I confess to feeling a bit dubious about Karl Haas's tempo in the Finale: the players manage to get in all their notes, but the impression of helter-skelter is not comfortable. WAGNER: *Siegfried Idyll* (Philharmonia/Cantelli. DB 9746-7). Were it not for a tendency for the large string body to overwhelm the woodwind detail, this would be an almost ideal set; but the unbalance is not grave and the string tone in itself is beautifully rendered. In any case, this is by far the best of the recent recordings of the piece (I have not yet heard the new Decca LP). DEBUSSY: Nocturnes; RAVEL: *Rapsodie Espagnole* (Suisse Romande/Ansermet. *LXT 2637). An adequate, but not very exciting record. Ansermet's reading of the *Rapsodie* has not the vividness—the languor alternating with bursts of vitality—which makes Van Beinum's SP set a double-star. The first and third of the Nocturnes are admirable in style, and in *Sirènes* (No. 3) the chorus really does sound invisible. Equally, the muted trumpets in the middle section of *Fêtes* are beautifully recessed and the crescendo is well controlled. But—but—in some not easily definable way (perhaps the trouble lies chiefly in slackness of rhythm) this is not quite a recording that is going to satisfy us for a long time to come. BERLIOZ: Overture—*Le Corsaire* (Philharmonia/Kletzki. LX 1533). Performance and recording here are as adventurous as the title of the piece. On the whole the dynamics are well managed and the splendid music is taut as a bow string. I much prefer this version to the ill-recorded LP edition (Paris Conservatoire/Münch. *LXT 2677), where it is included with the same composer's *Benvenuto Cellini* overture and Ravel's *Bolero*, neither of which sound at their best. GLAZUNOV: *The Seasons*—Ballet Suite (French Nat. Sym. Orch./Désormière. *CTL 7018). Composed in 1901, *The Seasons* is the next best thing to Tchaikovsky, in the same line. The music is a display piece for the orchestra and Désormière conducts it as carefully as if it were Beethoven. The result is as fat and voluptuous as a Rubens blonde, beautifully drawn and aflame with gorgeous colour. The recording is almost, but not quite, completely successful. The tape hum is rather high, and there is a tendency to over-amplification; but the disc as a whole, which contains a good deal more of the music than has been recorded elsewhere, is enormously enjoyable. Also highly recommended: BRAHMS: Hungarian Dances—complete set (Oklahoma City Sym. Orch./Alessandro. *ALX 3006).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

(To be concluded)

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,158

Set by Peter Pastmaster

Older readers of *The Times* have been trying to decide when and where turned-up trousers were first introduced. In the Nineties at Monte? Eton in the Eighties? Or Ascot, 1910? The usual prizes are offered for the prestige anecdote (not more than 150 words) that would authoritatively settle this controversy. Entries by May 13th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,155

Set by Thomas Tusher

Lady Catherine de Bourgh, Mme Verdurin, Margot Metroland, Mrs. Jellyby, Lady Bracknell, Pamela and Mrs. Proudie have each been chosen to speak on behalf of the Week's Good Cause. Prizes are offered for an excerpt (not more than 150 words) from any one broadcast.

Report by Thomas Tusher

On the whole, the yield was disappointing. Most competitors only managed one of the two requirements I had in mind. They either caught the broadcaster's style and personality, but failed to identify her with a sufficiently Good Cause, or having hit on the exact charity, thought they had done enough. Incongruities abounded. For example, Lady Bracknell would never have called her hearers "Dear Listeners," and in speaking on behalf of the Loin Cloth Fund for the Solomon Islanders, Mrs. Proudie was invading Mrs. Jellyby's province. Though no-one contrived the perfect extract, there were plenty of good things strewn up and down various entries. I liked Lady Catherine de Bourgh's insistence on "*clean* bank notes" (Findlay P. Murdoch) and Margot Metroland's assurance that the South American Comforts Association "can truly be called a labour of love." As was to be expected, Lady Bracknell presided over numerous societies connected with handbags and literary governesses. Most of these entries though ingenious, lost marks by clinging too closely to the text of *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

Prize-money divided among the following:

MARGOT METROLAND

. . . and so the poor dears discover, too late perhaps, their true vocation, the job for which they are best endowed by nature. Sometimes they show us divine little proofs of their attainments in the field. How terribly tragic if, through lack of understanding assistance from the community, they were to scatter their pearls before provincial swine! Even to dispense them more profitably in Soho, which is still, broadly speaking, within the Sterling Area, would not greatly assist our national finances. British girls would rather send dollars to their ailing parents than flaunt minks before them. But, above all, for the sakes of the poor darlings themselves, to take them to a sunny land where hot blood is convertible to cold cash, to give them a well-deserved place in a long-established profession, send your cheques to me, Viscountess Metroland, Recidivist Rapees Emigration Scheme, King's Thursday, Hants.

ERIC SWAINSON

MME VERDURIN

Si je me permets de venir vous parler ce soir pour la Caisse interalliée de Secours aux Génies obscurs, c'est que je me suis laissée persuader par le Sénateur Ebenezer Bazooka, ce grand mécène international, qui m'a dit: "Madame Verdurin, lorsque j'étais petit, aux Etats-Unis, je n'avais pas de plus grande joie le dimanche après-midi que de lire et relire un article intitulé 'The Women of the French Salons,' dans un gros volume du *Century Magazine*. Madame du Deffand, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, Mme de Tencin et Mme Geoffrin remplirent mes rêves d'enfant et me donnèrent la nostalgie de la douceur de vivre que, longtemps, j'ai cru morte avec le XVIIIe siècle, jusqu'au jour où chez vous j'ai appris que le XIXe n'avait rien à envier à son devancier. C'est vous qui êtes à mes yeux la personne la plus indiquée pour patronner notre oeuvre." H. Y. LIGHT

LADY BRACKNELL

One is informed, on totally unreliable authority, that charity begins at home. If this statement means anything, which I doubt, it explains why home is the place one is always so glad to get away from. I myself am unhappily prevented from responding to charitable appeals owing to the Bracknell family motto, "No one touches me with impunity." There are times when even a family motto has its uses. I cannot at the moment recall whether I am appealing on behalf of the Society for the Suppression of the Middle Classes or the League for the Provision of Larger Handbags for Indigent Governesses. However, that is a matter of no importance. Subscribing to a Good Cause is a wholesome moral exercise. Wanting to know where the money goes is little more than vulgar curiosity. STANLEY J SHARPLESS

MRS. PROUDIE

Those of you who have diligently perused your *Radio Times* will doubtless be aware that this broadcast was to have been given by my husband, the Bishop of Barchester, but he and I have decided that, since a woman's pure and true influence is infinitely stronger than a man's, it would be far more suitable for *me* to address you this evening on behalf of our local Good Cause, the Hiram's Hospital Upkeep Fund. This institution is greatly in need of funds and I have no hesitation in pointing out that it is your plain and pleasurable duty to contribute generously to this excellent Cause, and not to incur his Lordship's grave displeasure by refraining from doing so. Contributions must be addressed to ME at the Palace, Barchester. NANCY GUNTER

PAMELA

. . . though I'm sure I should never have surrendered my *virtue* to him. By the way, I must say I do like talking into this Thing almost as much as writing letters, but I do think it's a bit *indiscriminate*, don't you? And if you are listening-in now, my dear,

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 9s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 13s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa: South £4. East £4 5s. West £3 15s.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Hong Kong £5 5s. Australia, £6.
New Zealand, £6 10s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:

BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
30, East 60th Street N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland*, 1½*d.*; *Foreign*, 1½*d.*; *Canada*, 1*d.*

Papa, I'm sure you will excuse your *invisible* Pamela. But as I was saying, Mr. B. asked me to speak about his new "Home for Girls who have been Ruined by the Gentry" because I'm sure he knows how *naughty* he was that time, oh, no, several times.

So I said, yes, I would, though I fear there may be some *closet-work* before he has quite finished with them. However, it may not be so bad after all, because dear Mrs. Jewkes has quite given up her wicked ways and promises to help look after the poor little girls with all her *strength* and so goodbye now from your *public-spirited* Pamela. T. B. TOMLINSON

CHESS : The Magic Square
No. 135

For most chess players some of our 64 squares seem to be endowed with more magical qualities than the others. The mere sight of the centre squares inspires us with a sense of awe or security, just according to whether or not we are dominating them ; a glance at QKt2 (or at its mere symbol on a score-sheet) invokes guilty or proud memories of injudiciously snatched pawns or judiciously opened files ; QB3 and KB3 and even more so KB5 seem to acquire the springy qualities of a diving-board when a Kt is tensely poised there ; but none of the other squares is as deeply associated with memories of triumph and disaster as KB7, KR7 and perhaps no less frequently KB6. Here—Muilwijk-Bruins, Utrecht 1940—we can see KB6 thrice become the scene of high adventure. First a R, then a Kt, and then again a R appear to wield magic powers as soon as they step on to that blessed square. This is what happened.

(1)	R-B6!	B-B2	(5) Kt-B6 ch	Q x Kt
(2)	QR-KB1	P-KR4	(6) R x Kt	Q-K2
(3)	R(6)-B5	Q-K2	(7) R-B6 ! !	KR-K1
(4)	R x RP	Kt-B5	(8) P-K4	Q-Q2
(9)	R-Q5	Q-K2	(12) R(6)-KR6	P-B3
(10)	Q-Kt4	QR-Q1	(13) Q-Kt6 etc.	
(11)	R-R5	R-Q5		

As a matter of fact, had he sacrificed the exchange one move earlier White could have had an even neater and faster win by (5) R x Kt, B x R. (6) Kt-B6 ch, P x Kt. (7) Q-Kt4 ch, B-Kt4. (8) Q x B ch ! P x Q. (9) R-R8 mate.

Here the magic square is KR6, and a R is already posted there and due to return four moves later even more effectively. What happened was (1) Kt-B5 ch, K-B1. (2) R x Kt, P x Kt. (3) Q-Kt7 ch, K-K2. Black seems to have escaped, but in this as well as in other variations he is shattered by the R's return to R6. This position was suggested by our frequent ladder-leader D. E. Cohen, who, since it wasn't his own game, earns his chessbook token here rather than in the next "Readers' Own" article.

A : Spengler 1937

In this week's competition even our least experienced competitors will consider **A** more than generously rated with 4 ladder-points. It is an actual game position reported in K. Richter's *Schachmatt*. White played P-KB4, and Black thought to be clever in countering P-QKt3. How did White win very neatly, while blithely ignoring the threat to his Q? **B**—White to win—is not very difficult either and rather generously rated with 5 points ; but it should be quite an instructive study for our less experienced competitors. As for **C**, though—White to win—this should be well worth 7 points even for our crack-solvers.

Usual prizes. Entries by May 12.

B : Nimzovitch

C : Henri Rinck

REPORT ON COMPETITION
Set April 12

A : (1) R-R1, P-R3. (2) R-KB1, P-R4. (3) R-R1, P-R5 (4) R-KB1, P-R6. (5) R-R1, P-R7. (6) R-KB1, P queens. (7) R x Q mate.

B : (1) Kt-Kt3, Kt-K6. (2) Q-Q3 ch, Kt x Q. (3) Kt-B3 mate If (1) . . . Kt x Kt. (2) B-B1 ch etc.

C : (1) R-K4, K-Kt1. (2) R-K8 ch, K-R2. (3) Kt-Kt5 ch K-R3. (4) R-Kt3, Kt-R4. (5) R-R3 ch, K-Kt5. (6) P-B3 mate.

D : (1) K-Kt4, B-K7 ch. (2) K-B5, B-Q6 ch. (3) K-K6 B-B5 ch. (4) K-Q7, B x P ch. (5) K-K6, B-B5 ch. (6) K-B5 B-Q6 ch. (7) K-Kt4, B-K7 ch. (8) K-R3, B-B8. (9) Q-R6 ! ! etc If (1) . . . B x R. (2) Q-QKt7 !

E : (1) B-Kt1, B x B. (2) P-Q7, RP queens. (3) P-Q8 (Kt) Q-R2. (4) Kt-Kt7 ch, Q x Kt. (5) P x Q, KtP queens. (6) P-Kt7 (Kt), Q-B4. (7) Kt-B6 ch, Q x Kt. (8) P x Q, P-Kt6. (9) P-B7 P-Kt7. (10) P-B8 (Kt), P queens. (11) Kt-Q6 etc.

F : (1) R-K5, R x R. (2) P-Q7, R-K3 ch. (3) K-Kt5, R x P. (4) P-Q8 (Kt !), and wherever the R moves it is lost.

Even this Marathon produced so many flawless solutions that I cannot mention them all. Prizes shared by K. J. Bloodworth, D. Finburg, Leslie Hale, P. J. Oakley, W. Stead. So rich a crop of points provided a fitting finish for the 7th ladder-decade. The winner is D. E. Cohen who did not drop one single point in the last 10 weeks. Starting from scratch in the 4th decade he amassed 696 points in 40 weeks. M. Kaye (641) and C. Allen (562) were also among the 3rd decade winners. The 4th prize goes, most deservedly, to the Rev. E. Giles who has totted up 542 points since we started 70 weeks ago. Some of the other "steady plodders" should be well in the running 10 weeks hence, and so are some of the 4th decade winners. The present winners, of course, go back to scratch. ASSIAC

WHERE TO STAY

SWITZERLAND—for your £25 allowance: a fortnight in a 1st class guest house with every comfort on one of the finest spots of the world & £8 left. Write brochure: Hôtel-Pension "Le Cerisier," Caux s/Montreux.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. Country house possessing every modern amenity, situated in 12 acres gardens, overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. Details and photos from Box 736.

OLD Plw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead, Kathleen Batten's friendly Hotel where you find comfort and good food in lovely surroundings. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

AUSTRIA. Enjoyable holiday in private villa, Carinthian Mountain Lake. 5gns. wkly. incl. Interview London. Box 615.

A homely Irish farmhouse. Kindly attention, magnificent mountain scenery. 4gns. weekly., Mrs. Carter, Craffield, Aughrim, Co. Wicklow, Eire.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Priv. Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

EIRE. Accommodation, bed and breakfast, two sharing. Jewish. Write Simmons, 43, Greenlea Park, Terenure, Dublin.

SMALL Farm Guest House has summer vacancies. Lovely views, mod. cons. Reductions May/June. Lawrie, Homeleigh Farm, Menadue, Polperro Rd., nr. Looe, Cwall.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers varied meals, cond. & friendly atmosphere mid glorious lake & mountain scenery. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea, h. & c. bedrms. Farm prod. Excel. food. Mod. terms.

HOLIDAY in Ireland at Park Hotel, Virginia, Co. Cavan. Beautifully situated on Lough Ramor. Good food, comf. beds, Golf, tennis, bathing, boating, fishing, shooting, all on Hotel grounds. Kent. p.w.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea country. Miss P. Johnson, N.F.P., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

HOLIDAYS Westcombe, Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Gurney, "Sea-View." Also furnished bungalow up to fully 12, and after Aug. 30. Sleeps 10 people. Terms: May 12gns., June/July 15gns., Sept. 12gns.

ALL young people with public-spirited outlook may be interested to hear that well appointed private hotel with congenial guests has accommodation on upper floors from £5 5s. to £6 10s. weekly inclusive of early tea, 4 meals daily, coffee, baths, fresh fruit daily. Other floors up to £8. Booking advised now for all dates until Oct. Fully informative brochure free. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Best South position; opposite boating, fishing, own beach tent. We also recommend Warden Manor (on sea-edge), Eastchurch, Kent. 90s. weekly.

CONVALESCENCE? Spring holiday? St. Leonards is mild; medically commended. See Normanhurst advert. above. Cen. heating every room. Breakfast in bed during May if desired. Near Sun Lounge (orchestra daily); curative baths. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

NORTH Wales, Vron House, Vroncysyllte, 3 mls. Llangollen on A5. Small Family Guest House. All modern comforts in old-world country home. Really good cooking, ample food. Telephone Chirk 3252.

DEVON. Bkf. Eve. Din. Fine posn., min. sea. Rec. "Fontenaye," Combe Martin.

RYE (near). Paying guests welcomed in country cottage. Farm produce, modern cons. 5 miles sea. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden. Tel. Iden 205.

EASTBOURNE. Comfortable, well appointed private house in quiet residential area near Devonshire Park and sea. Good food; h. & c. & gas or electric fires in all rooms; pleasant garden. Bed, breakfast and evening meal (£5 5s. weekly) or bed & breakfast (10s. 6d. nightly). Write Box 3, Alphar Advertising, 8 Bolton Rd., Eastbourne.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot on South Coast. 3 min. sandy beach, h. & c., Continental cooking. Children welcomed. Mrs. Golding, "Waveney," Park Rd. 'Phone 2804.

LAKES. Charm, old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 334.

PAYING guests welcomed modernised farmhouse, ideally situated Wenlock Edge. Terms on application. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

HOLIDAYS in lovely Connemara. Modern guest house, farm produce, home cooking, real comfort, sailing, fishing, riding, motoring, bathing available, terms moderate. Mrs. Holms, Old Castle House, Renvyle, Connemara, Co. Galway, Eire.

PEMBROKESHIRE cliffs for flowers and birds. Guests in Naturalist's country bungalow. Pegity Cot, St. Davids.

DONEGAL Bay, Eire. Village, Sea, Mountains. Murray, The Manor, Dunkineely.

SALCOMBE, Devon—Guests welcomed at beautiful house between North & South Sands; magnificent sea views; 2 acre garden, every comfort. No vacs. Aug. 6-9gns. Mrs. Edwards, Grafton Towers, Tel. Salcombe 282.

NATURIST Sun-bathing Hols. In sunny Devon, at Britain's best Sun-Club. Full facils. & mod. cons.; nudist sun & air bathing. Write (enc. 1s.) for brochure, Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. The "Sunbather" magazine, 1s. 6d., post free.

THE Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. New management, fresh ideas. Ideal for a Spring holiday. Rye 2216.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A friendly & comfortable country hse. in secluded grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. Appvd. 7½-8½gns. Tel. 3155.

ESSEX. Delightful Holidays in Country House Hotel, 20 acres grounds, every modern comfort, good food, fully licensed, swimming, tennis, dancing. Weekly terms from 6gns. Apply Little Bardfield Hall, Nr. Braintree. Tel.: Gt. Bardfield 241.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

"LITTLE Guide to Village Inns & Farmhouses," 2s. 6d., postage 2d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful mountain valley. Continental cooking. From 6½gns. Bwich Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on West Cornish coast. 5gns. Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 261), offers restful holidays with good food, sunny rooms, mod. cons., large garden.

CWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Jersey herd. Lovely for flowers. King Arthur's cntry. Golf St. Enodoc, Trout & Salmon, Nr. Polzeath (surf-bthng). Lundy Bay/Port Quin/Port Gaverne. Bannerman. Port Isaac 234.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From 5½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

HOVE. For happy, comfortable holidays, 4 mins. sea and lawns. H. & C. Excellent food. Terms from 4½gns. 19 Rutland Gardens, Hove. Tel. 39389.

HASTINGS 4571. Enjoy ideal holiday with Socialist hosts. Terms from 4½gns. (2½gns. off season). Brochure post free. Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

DEVON & Cornwall. Delightful, inexpensive holidays, Dawlish-Newquay. 1952 illustrated brochure 1d. free. Bishop, Fairfield Guest House, Dawlish.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Cent. heating. Billiards, library. Fishing, golf, lakes. Comf. and good food. Perm. residents special rates. A.A., R.A.C. Tel. 71.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. To Whare Hotel, Heron, E. Sussex.

OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury. Thatched, simple; cosy centre Tours, lovely walks; good cooking. 5-6gns. Miss English.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel. The Ridge. 10 acres. Exc. cuisine. 5½gns. Brochure.

WORTHING—Home of poet Henley. Highest standard catering, comfort, real individual attention. 5-7gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2821. Brochure.

EDINBURGH. West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl., S. CEN. 4871.

FARM Holidays: Unique Book describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms. 2s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide (Dept. NSN), 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

SCHOOLS

BOYS' Preparatory School. September vacancies and bursaries. W. W. E. Giles, M.A.(Oxon.). Dip. Ed.(Oxon.). Ketteringham Hall, Near Norwich.

MICHAEL House School, Ilkeston, Derbys. A Rudolf Steiner School founded in 1944. Education for boys and girls from 4 to 18 years. Boarders accepted.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-15). Animal care, riding, etc. on Children's Farm. Engs., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is exempted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

HELSINGFORS Swedish University of Economics, Finland. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lektor in English, to teach English language, including commercial correspondence, to students of Economics. Candidates must be men, preferably single and under 30, and must have a degree in English, Modern Languages or Economics; English language teaching experience desirable. Salary equivalent at present rate of exchange to £1,125 per annum. One year contract, renewable. Write, enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope, quoting title of post, for application form and further particulars to Director, Personnel Dept., The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1, to whom completed forms should be returned not later than May 14, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for a vacant Senior Lectureship in Modern Languages, occasioned by expansion to the present establishment. Emoluments (for married members of the staff normally resident outside Hong Kong or China, and inclusive of allowances): £1,576 × £40—£1,736 p.a. Applicants should possess Honours degrees of British Universities, in French and at least one other language, preferably Portuguese. First-class sea passage and furnished houses or flats at reasonable rentals are provided for experience staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is May 31, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the vacant post of Assistant Lecturer in History. Emoluments (for an unmarried member of the staff normally resident outside Hong Kong or China and inclusive of allowances): £920 × £25—£1,095 p.a. Applicants should be Honours graduates of British Universities, and have special qualifications either in Far Eastern or in European History, and should be prepared to take up the post by September, 1952. First-class sea passage and furnished accommodation at a reasonable rental is provided for expatriate staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is May 31, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of London. School of Slavonic and East European Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Polish Language and Literature, tenable from October 1, 1952. Salary: Asst. Lect. £450/£50/£550, Lect. £660/£50/£850, with family allowance and superannuation benefits. Starting point on salary scale according to qualifications and experience. Particulars and application forms should be obtained from the Secretary, University of London School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London, W.C.1, and applications should be addressed to the same by May 24.

BBC requires Announcer (male) at Glasgow. Duties include preparation and editing of announcements, reading daily regional news bulletins and weather forecasts, continuity announcing and presentation of all types of programmes. Essential qualifications are good microphone voice, good general education, knowledge of Scotland and Scots speech, interest in music, literature and topical affairs together with ability to deal with all kinds of speakers and artists. Knowledge of French and other European languages would be an advantage. Salary £795, rising by 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Announcer N. Stn." within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose s.a.e. env.

HEADMISTRESS of Badminton Junior School wanted in September. Approx. 120 children aged 5-11; some boarders. Applications invited from progressive educationalists who have a recognised junior school training, or graduates with training used to junior work. Should have experience in organisation as well as teaching. New Burnham Scale and special allowance for post of responsibility. Government pension scheme. Resident post. Full particulars supplied on application to the Headmistress, Badminton School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.

REQUIRED by Withymead Centre in November a practical man skilled in carpentry and pottery; interested in training as Art Therapist while acting as assistant to present pottery and modelling therapist. Further prospects for candidate with special vocation for life in a remedial centre. Teaching qualification an asset. Apply Educational Secy., Withymead, Countess Wear, Exeter.

CHILDREN'S Moral Welfare Worker (Assistant) required for Voluntary Organisation in Hampstead and St. Pancras. Social Science Certificate desirable. Salary scale £375—£15—£450 according to qualifications. Application to Box 643 by May 20.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

LONDON County Council. Boarding Special School Headships: Pixies Hill School, Bozmoor, Herts, for 140 educationally subnormal boys age 8-12. Re-advertisement: Applications are invited from married couples for positions of temporary Headmaster and Matron. The husband must be a qualified teacher and the wife should have had recent experience of institutional management. Apply on form TS10 Pixies, candidates who replied to previous advertisement need not reapply (candidates who have recently applied for joint appointments under the Council need only send a letter of application giving the name of the school for which they previously applied). Forms from the Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Salaries: Headmaster — Burnham scale plus two special school increments plus headmaster's allowance Burnham Group 4 (5) based on an estimated unit total for 1955. Matron—£210 × £15—£290 plus an addition to remuneration of, at present, 20 per cent. Free board, lodging and laundry (for Head in return for duties outside school hours and at week-ends). Accommodation: a self-contained bungalow consisting of 2 bedrooms, 1 sitting room, bathroom and kitchen. Closing date May 15. (417)

REQUIRED in September, progressive woman teacher (not over 40) for a group of intelligent children aged 9-11 years. Must have Ministry of Education Certificate. The post is resident and the candidate must be interested in the problems of disturbed and deprived children. Salary according to Burnham Scale. Special qualifications for the teaching of physical training and dancing an advantage. Apply together with copies of three testimonials to Miss Rendel, The Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

SPECIAL School offers high position to the right man. Therapeutic, administrative, educational. Palmerston School, Ilsworth Park, near Stroud, Glos.

WEST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant House Father at Littlegreen Compton, the County Council's Home for about 65 related children between the ages of 2 and 15 years. Littlegreen is run on "family" lines and the person appointed would be responsible, jointly with an Assistant House Mother, for an all-age group of about 16 boys and girls. Friendly, non-regimented atmosphere. Applicants should be interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes and should either hold the Home Office Child Care Certificate or have had wide experience in the residential care of children. Salary £4-78 5s. per annum from which £75 12s. will be deducted for board and lodging. General holidays. Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester, to whom completed forms should be returned accompanied by permit from the Ministry of Labour and National Service. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

THE Birmingham Settlement requires (a) an Acting Warden in Sept. for 12 months during present Warden's leave. Salary from £300 p.a. resident; (b) a Girls Club Leader for Jan. 1953. Interesting work with flourishing youth and junior clubs in good premises. Salary from £180-£290 resident according to age, etc. In both cases applications with 2 testimonials and particulars of 2 referees please to The Warden, 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham, 19.

THE Bradford Family Service Unit. Wanted—Case Worker for the Bradford Family Service Unit. Salary £220 × £15—£320 p.a. plus £120 emoluments. Further particulars may be obtained from Joint Secy., Family Service Unit, Health Department, Town Hall, Bradford.

SOCIAL Leader (male) reqd. for family Holiday Camp (not licensed) on East coast. Interested in people, outdoor activities, old time dancing. Good mixer. Box 761.

YOUTH Clubs Organiser (female) wanted for Glasgow and West of Scotland. Must have wide experience of Girls' and Mixed Clubs and able to teach at least one craft. Salary £400 per annum. Write 2146, Wm. Porteous & Co., Glasgow.

THE Endeavour Boys' Club. The Committee of the Club invite applications for the appointments of Club Leader. Salary scale £350 × £15—£500, plus London Weighting of £30 a year if over 26 years of age. The commencing salary will be fixed according to age and experience. The Club has excellent and specially designed premises. Applications, giving full details of age and experience, with the names of three referees, to be sent to me not later than May 14, 1952. Harry May, Hon. Sec., Morden Hall, S.W.19.

CHILD Guidance Training Centre, 6 Osnaburgh St., London, N.W.1. Research Assistant (Temporary—for six months). For work in connection with follow-up of cases. Qualifications and clinical experience either in psychology or psychiatric social work essential, and experience in research methods an important asset. Salary at rate of £600 p.a. Applications, with names of two referees, to Medical Director within two weeks.

YOUNG man, preferably University student, with good knowledge of French, required to help in running of holiday camp in Southern France from middle of June to end of September. Return air passage, full board and lodging and small salary. Box 802.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

A HOME for the training of mothers in the management of their homes and care of their children is to be opened shortly under the auspices of the Society of Friends as a memorial to Elizabeth Fry. The Home, which has accommodation for twelve Mothers with their children up to the age of six, is situated near Harrogate, and will be ready for occupation early in the summer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Warden, who will be responsible for the management of the Home. Salary £350 a year with full residential emoluments. Applications, giving full details of training and previous experience, and names of two persons to whom ref. can be made, should be sent to the Hon. Sec., Elizabeth Fry Committee, Beverley House, Shipton Rd., York.

ASSISTANT Editor required by publishers of filmstrips for education. Duties will include supervision of production, including free-lance art work, etc., and general progress control. Eye for picture content and quality essential. Single men graduates aged 20-30 preferred, salary £500 p.a. Write, stating age, training, previous exp., to Common Ground (1951), Ltd., 1a Sydney Place, S.W.7.

PICTURE Researcher required by publishers of filmstrips for education. Women graduates preferred, some experience typing an advantage. Starting salary £150 p.a. Write, stating age, training, previous experience, to Common Ground (1951), Ltd., 1a Sydney Place, London, S.W.7.

EXECUTIVE reqs. private Secretary with first-class business experience and shorthand to verbatim standard. This interesting post is permanent and pensionable and of particular interest to women in the 30-35 age groups. Applicants should live in Hornchurch or Romford area owing to accomm. and travelling difficulties. Reply fully: Box 709.

REQUIRED smart intelligent secretary, able correspondent, working on own initiative, experienced in taking charge of small office, closed Jewish holidays. Write details re. experience and salary required to Convex, Ltd., 41 Brecknock Rd., London, N.7.

MOTHER'S Help urgently wanted for 3-4 months. London, N.W.11. Box 838.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ENGLISHMAN (52), exint. prac. know. Fr., Germ., Span., able trans. Ital., Portg., sec. exp. internatl. bodies & commcs., sks. post, pref. internatl. organsn. Box 540.

YOUNG woman seeks responsible post with busy man or woman as personal assistant. Has run small office for 5 years. Used to handling financial side, P.A.V.E., etc. Plenty of initiative and organising ability. Presentable. Used to conducting interviews. Languages. London area. Box 518.

ANY suggestions? Widow, 29, with baby girl, returning England in July, seeks livelihood. Can type, dress-make, cook, manage house, care for and teach young children. Rather desperate. Box 599.

OXFORD graduate, 27, ex-R.A.F. officer, going overseas July, seeks temporary work of any kind. May 20-June 30. Can drive. Box 597.

PACIFIST (29, married), now in S. Africa, hopes to return U.K. July. What hopes empl. in peace, club, settlement work? Experienced. Offers, suggestions to Box 593.

CANADIAN Psychiatric Social Worker, married, 28, one child, wishes responsible position in U.K. Present position of high professional standing. Box 672.

RESEARCH student, fluent French & German, own typewriter, seeks job in London for summer vac. Box 355.

ANY job tackled by qual. inf. teacher (married) where accom. avail. Former bank-clerk, one-time shtd.-typ., decent cook. Leicester area, town, country. Box 590.

WIDOW, refined, well-educated, one daughter, ten years, seeks post as Housekeeper to business or professional gentleman with small modern house. Write 1247, Wm. Porteous & Co., Glasgow.

EXPERIENCED sec., S/T., free odd half-days. ARC. 1765, ext. 1/MOU. 1701.

YOUNG woman, interested Arts, light duties congenial family, London, for bedsit., small salary. Box 444.

SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited for the Stopford Brooke English Literature Scholarship, which is of the value of approximately £140 (in certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement this amount). Holders of this Scholarship up to a maximum of £241 for resident students and £180 for students who live at home) for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University and must be prepared to undertake research in any branch of English Literature (subjects such as Old Icelandic not directly in the field of English Literature cannot be offered), including Mediæval, in one of the Colleges or Schools of the University of London. Applications, on prescribed form, must reach the Academic Registrar, Univ. of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by June 1, 1952.

CHOIR Scholarships for September Term. Entry forms from Principal, Broomfield School, Selsey, Sussex.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Music Review," the progressive British musical quarterly, now in its 13th year, February, May, August and November; editor, Geoffrey Sharp. Single copies (80 or more pages), 12s. 6d. net, postage 4d.; annual subscription £2 2s., post free, from the Publishers, W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge. Prospectus on request, or send 6s. for specmn.

"VEDANTA for East & West," bi-monthly. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. May issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

"THE Score"—Schönberg issue (May). Articles by Roger Sessions, Frank Martin, Virgil Thomson, Roberto Gerhard, Karl Rankl, Pierre Boulez, Fred. Goldbeck, William Glock (Editor). Head of Schonberg by Anna Mahler. From: The Ambassador Publg. Co., Ltd., 49 Park Lane, W.1. 5s. per issue (3 issues p.a. for 14s. incl. postage).

BOOKS wanted. We are buyers of any quantity of books by esteemed authors or of scholarly value. Standard History & Theological works particularly required. The Book House, Hitchin, Herts.

"JOURNAL of Sex Education," edited by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B. Single issue 2s. 9d. post free. Annual subscription for six issues, 12s. 6d. (fifty cents and 1 dollars; 3s. & 15s. abroad). Inqs., with remittance to cover postage on reply, to 16 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1, or WEL. 7840.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, Central 1907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., S.W.1. Phone VICtoria 9827.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, Hill Top, Park Rd., Bridport, Dorset.

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interests. Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, N.W.2.

"FESTERED Lilies," by K. Dyson Taylor. A sophisticated drama of the eternal triangle—with a difference. 264 p., cloth 10s. 6d. post free direct from Pubbs., Paladin Press Ltd., 30 Gaywood St., London, S.E.1.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 3030.

SOCIALISTS! Sell your books to Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m., 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837. The Club has now recommenced the German class.

TOM Long's a smoke we all love well, Its clouds all other clouds dispel.

A DISPLAY of Metal, Wood and Cane Garden Furniture can be seen at Heal & Son. Please write for new Garden Furniture Catalogue. 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

NEW White Lengths (a) Heavy Cotton, 12ft. × 48in., each, 12s. 6d.; (b) Superfine Cotton, 12ft. × 36in., each, 11s. 6d.; (c) Cambric, 12ft. × 37in., each, 14s.; (d) Calico, 12ft. × 35in., each, 15s. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 95), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the supreme of Coltsfoot blend; 2s. 6d. per 4-ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

AVOID furs got by torture; particularly genuine. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets from Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Rd., London, S.W.10. Funds are needed.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

INVISIBLE Mending on all garments—7-day service. Hosiery Mending 3-day Service. Post or call. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 22(G) New Bond St., London, W.1.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS Tem. 3334. Last 2 perfs. To-day 5 & 8. Hima Kesarcodi. Mems. 5s. yrly.

MERCURY (PAR. 5700), Sunday, May 4, 8 p.m. Poetry Reading. Jill Balcon, Joseph O'Connor. Tkts. 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. "The Wages of Eve" a comedy. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. Adults only.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Evs. 10.30 (ex. Mn.), Sun. 8.30. Irving Revue. This "invariably witty revue" (S. Pic.) ends May 11. Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun. 5.30. "The Art of Living." "Brilliant this first play . . . hunt up this little Theatre, if only for action—Patric Doonan particularly. You won't be sorry." "Daily Express." Ends May 11. Membership 5s.

"MIRROR of Gesture." 1st English Performance by Nritya Durpana. Troupe of Indian Dancers at French Institute, S.W.7, Mon., May 12, 8 p.m. Tickets in advance only from Institute of Contemporary Arts. GRO. 6186. Members 2s. 6d. Guests 5s. 6d.

BOLTONS Theatre, Drayton Gardens, S. Ken. May 5, 8 p.m. Mary O'Farrell, Valentine Dyall reading Elizabethan and Modern Poetry. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. at door.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until May 4: "Miss Julie" (A) "A Visit to Picasso" (U). From May 5: Victor McLaglen in Ford's "The Informer" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. May 4 7.30. The Housekeeper's Daughter (A).

TWO new Chinese films. Double premiere, "China, Family of Nations" and "Along the Yangtze." Speaker, Mr. Harold Davies, M.P., recently returned from World Economic Conference. Scala Theatre, Mon., May 19, 7.30 p.m. Apply, sending S.A.E., tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Britain-China Friendship Assocn., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2.

NEW Era Film Society presents Premiere of Soviet film "The Third Blow," shown for the first time in this country, and Eisenstein's world-famous "The Battle-Ship Potemkin," at 7.15 p.m., on Friday, May 9, at Holborn Hall. Tickets 2s. in advance, 2s. 6d. on the day. Bookings and enquiries from 40 Berwick St., W.1. GERrard 8993.

EVERY Saturday night the New Era Film Society presents social and film show 7-11 p.m. May 3 showing "New Gulliver," famous Soviet puppet film, at 34 Kensington Sq., W.8. (Nearest Tube High St., Kens.). Mems. 1s. 6d. Visitors 2s. Films 6d.

"NEW Heroes Shall Arise." First showing of this outstanding Czech film. 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Tuesday, May 6, 7.45 p.m. All welcome. Admission free.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Monday, May 19, 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Dr. Edith Sitwell, Hugh Burden, Gordon Watson & The London Symphony Orchestra Chamber Ensemble, in works by: Arnold Schoenberg (Ode to Napoleon), Humphrey Searle & William Walton (Façade, with Dr. Edith Sitwell in her original part). Tkts. 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents & Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street, W.1. MAYfair 7600.

JOERG Demus, famous Austrian Pianist, plays Bach: Preludes & Fugues, Franck: Prelude, Chorale & Fugue, Schumann: Kreisleriana, Toccata. **Wigmore Hall**, Thurs., May 8, 7.30. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Box Off. (Wel. 2141) or Anglo-Austrian Music Soc., 139 Kens. High St., Wes. 9003.

SOUTH Place String Orchestra, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. At 6.30 p.m. Sunday, May 4. Dennis Brain (Horn), David Parker (Tenor). Horn Concerto, Gordon Jacob. Suite for strings, Nielsen. Serenade, Suk. & works by Boyce, Britten & Barber. Adm. 2s. & 1s.

CARL Dolmetsch, Recorder Recital. Wigmore Hall, Sat., May 10, at 3. Saxby, Hunt & Stringer. Vivaldi, Handel, Telemann, Babell, &c. First performance new work by Cyril Scott. 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Hall & Chappell's, New Bond St.

SUMMER School of Music. Bryanston, August 2-23. Concerts include: Georges Enesco and Boyd Neel Orchestra. Bach programme: Beethoven: Grosse Fuge (twice); Frank Martin: Petite Symphonie Concertante (twice); Handel: Concerto Grosso, Arias. Also Purcell and Schubert. Send 3d. stamp for Illustrated Prospectus to Sec., 29a Holland Villas Rd., W.14.

RECITAL of Contemporary Rumanian Music. Recorded by Tape, introduced by Leonard Cassini, 14 Kensington Square, W.1. May 18. Sunday, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 6d. British-Rumanian Friendship Association, 101 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. "At Home" to meet artists exhibiting at the Studio Group Exhibition, Wednesday, May 7 at 7.30 p.m. Visitors 3s. 6d. (refreshments included).

IRVING Gallery, Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Monday, May 5 at 7.30 p.m. Richard Heller presents Ernest & Lotte Berk, in a programme of Dance & Mime. At the Piano: Peter Ury. Tickets: 7s. 6d., 5s. & 3s., from Irving Gallery, WHI. 8657.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Recital by Nina Lenova (soprano) and Doris Lasserson (piano). Sunday, May 4 at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

MANCHESTER Holiday Enthusiasts: Film Show & Travel Forum—Films taken in Spain, Majorca, Corsica, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, followed by questions and discussion on holiday problems, on May 9, 6.30 p.m., Milton Hall, 244 Deansgate, Manchester. Entrance free. Erna Low Holidays, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7.

DANCE organised by Central London Fabian Soc., Sat. May 3, 8-11 p.m. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily. 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illustrated Catalogue 6d. post free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Paintings by A. Mintchine and recent work by Brenda Chamberlain.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

ARCADE Gallery: Artists at work; 18th and 19th Century studio scenes. 28 Old Bond Street. 10-5, Sat. 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Studio Group Exhibition. Monday-Friday, 10-5; Sunday 2-5. Until May 11.

"PARIS-Londres": Mainly pictures acquired recently in France by Courbet, Corot, Cezanne, Manet, Renoir, Boudin, Pissarro, etc.; 9.30-6. Sat., 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

SAUL Steinberg, of "New Yorker" fame. 100 of his latest cartoons at I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Wk.-days 10-6, Suns. 2-6. 1s. 6d., Members free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. First Exhibitions in London of the Italian painter Guido Pajetta, and the sculptor, Emilio Greco.

DUAL-Purpose-Rooms showing space-saving furniture designed and arranged for present-day needs. On view April 21-May 31 at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Crt. Rd., W.1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Works by Victor Pasmore; Paintings by Hans Seiler, Collages and Ceramics by Contemporary English artists. 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

NEW Hungarian Photography and Folk Art: Exhibition open from May 1 to 24 daily (except Sundays) 2.30-8 p.m. 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Anglo-Hungarian Friendship Society. Open until May 24.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. New Paintings by Ben Nicholson. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. New Paintings by Lucian Freud. First Exhibition of Paintings by Martin Froy. Private View Tues., May 6 at 3 p.m.

THE Max Beerbohm Exhibition. Also paintings by Leonard Appelbee. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "The Role of Political Bosses and Machines in the United States" will be delivered by Professor H. Zink (Ohio) at 5 p.m. on May 12 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

EQUAL Pay: All Party meeting, Fri., May 9, 7 p.m., Central Hall, Westminster. Speakers: Edith Summerskill, M.P.; Irene Ward, M.P.; Mrs. Clement Davies. Chair: Mrs. Cazalet-Keir. Free. Res. seats 2s. 6d. from Campaign Ctee., 50 Tufton St., S.W.1.

"TOWARDS a Better Understanding with China." Joseph Needham, F.R.S., Reginald Thompson (former "Daily Telegraph" correspondent in Korea), Alex Comfort, Dr. Victor Purcell and Peter Townsend will speak, under auspices of Authors' World Peace Appeal, at Kingsway Hall, 7.30, Wednesday, May 7. Adm. free.

CENTRAL Africa—Delegate Conference convened by The Africa Bureau to hear African Representatives from Nyasaland & Northern Rhodesia. Lady Pakenham, Rt. Hon. A. Creech Jones & Mr. Dingle Foot will preside. 2 p.m., Saturday, May 3, Livingstone Hall, 42 Broadway, S.W.1. Some seats will be available to the public.

YEHUDI Menuhin, Lord Beveridge, Dr. Vaughan Williams, Ursula Jeans, John Tilney, M.P., R. W. G. Mackay, Chairman, Canon Collins. "The Hope for Humanity," Kingsway Hall, Fri., May 9, 7 p.m. Adm. free. Res. seats 2s. 6d., 1s. Tickets from Federal Union, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

SERETSE Khama will speak on Thursday, May 8, at 8 p.m. on "The Present Situation in the Bamangwatu," under auspices of All Nations Social Club, Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions & discussion. Non-members 2s. 6d. at door.

"THE Problem Child and Social Conditions." Discn. on Makarenko's book "The Road to Life." Tu. May 6, 7.30, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Guests 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

JEWISH Forum for the discussion of topical Jewish Questions. (8) "What is British Jewry's Place in World Jewry?" Speakers: Norman M. Jacobs, Esq. and Frank Renton Esq. Chairman: Cdr. F. Ashe Lincoln, Q.C. Discussion Tuesday, May 6, 8 p.m. at Anglo-Israeli Club, 43/44 Gt. Windmill Street, W.1. Arranged by World Jewish Congress, British Section.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Wed., May 7, 7.30, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Co-operative Movement in the New Society." John Stonehouse. Adm. 1s. 6d.

SERETSE Khama and Bamangwato Delegation will speak at Holborn Hall on Friday, May 2, 7.30 p.m. Admission 6d. Organised by Seretse Khama Campaign Committee, 45 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6.

ERIC Newton will speak on "What is modern Art up to?" Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Tues., May 6, 8 p.m. Admission 2s.

SEX Education Society. Mr. Norman Haire will speak on "American Impressions" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C., at 7.30 p.m. on Monday, May 5. Admission, non-members 2s. Enquiries, with stamped addressed envelope, to 16 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1, or WELbeck 7840.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. "Germ War in Korea." Speaker: Jack Gaster of Investigation Delegation, Rev. A. D. Belden, W. J. Ellerby. Thursday, May 8, at 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. Hampstead Peace Council.

U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees. Dr. Van Heuven Goedhart speaks on "Refugees." Caxton Hall, May 6 at 8. Few res. seats 1s. 6d. U.N.A., 25 Charles St., W.1.

SOCIALIST Party of Gt. Britain. May Day Challenge. Rally at St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, N.W. Sun., May 4, 7.30 p.m. Representatives from the Communist, Conservative, Labour and Liberal Parties have been invited to take the platform and state their views on the way out of the present world crisis. Questions & discn. Free.

BUDDHIST Vihara Society in England. Ethical Hall, Queensway, Bayswater (ent. 4a Inverness Pl.). Sun., May 4, 3.30 p.m. Vesak celebration. Principal spkr.: the Ven. U. Thittila, H.E. the Ambassador for Union of Burma in the U.K., will preside.

THE Buddhist Festival of Wesak, Caxton Hall, Victoria, S.W.1. May 9 at 7.30 p.m. Flowers welcomed, enquiries, too: The Buddhist Society, London, 106 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

NATIONAL Anti-Vaccination League — The Annual Public Meeting of the League will be held on Thursday, May 8, 1952, at 2.30 p.m., at Alliance Hall, Palmer St., Caxton St., Westminster, S.W.1. Chairman: Dr. Bertrand Allinson. Other speakers: Mr. Chas. C. Molonoy, M.P., Dr. Douglas Latto and Miss L. Ismail-Al-Hageby. All are welcome. Questions answered. Travel vaccination regulations condemned. Further details from the League's Secretary, 25 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

JAMES Carruthers, "The Organisation of Industry," Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Rd., Tues., 8 p.m. Cinema, Golders Green. Sun., May 4, 7.45.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2. All welcome. May 4: "The Buddha's Teachings."

"WORLD Brotherhood—Precept or Practice?," John Coats. Sun., May 4, 7 p.m. Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 10 at 6 p.m. Mme. Adelina De Lara: "Memories of my Musical Life."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. May 4, Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., B.Sc., "Etiquette, Manners and Goodwill." Questions after lecture. Adm. free.

APOLOGIES conveyed to people turned away from lecture "Sex and Sin" by A. Turner, a continuation of which will be held at Chelsea Town Hall at 7.30 p.m., May 7, entitled "Socialism and Human Nature." Come early this time!

H. J. Blackman: "Another look at Epicurus." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., May 4, at 11 a.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures entitled "Las albores de la lírica románica: las jatyas romances en las muwassahas" will be given by Señor Don Emilio García Gómez (Spanish Academy) at 5.30 p.m. on May 8, 15 and 16 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. The lectures will be in Spanish. Adm. free, without ticket.

B.Sc. (Economics) Preliminary Examination. The North-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, London, N.W.5, offers intensive full-time course for this examination. Next course Sept., 1952, for 1953 exam. Call, write, phone GUL. 1154 (ext. 11).

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Grosvenor Sq., W.1. Mayfair 6626, provides Most Comprehensive Training for High Grade Secretarial Posts. New Courses commence May 5 and 12.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

"POETS Reading." Dr. Edith Sitwell, Kathleen Raine, John Lehmann, Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender will read and comment on their own verse. Weekly at 6.30 p.m. beginning May 6. Tickets for course of 5 readings: 7s. 6d.; single readings 2s. 6d. Details from Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1 (Wat. 6872).

URCHFONT Manor: Selected June Courses. May 30-June 5, "Whitsun Nature Study Course." Fieldwork on woodland life. Visit to Savernake. Groups for beginners and experts. June 30-July 6. "International Affairs," especially European Union, Nationalism and the impact of the United States. Details and full summer programme from The Warden (A), Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent Street, W.1. Preliminary Professional and University Entrance Department. The courses provide both day and evening classes for the General Certificate of Education. The following subjects may be taken to the Advanced Level: English Literature, French, Latin, mathematics, history, and geography. There are courses for students over 25 years of age and for professional preliminary examinations and the Civil Service Executive (both Open Competitive and Limited) examinations. Session 1952-3 begins on September 16, 1952. Evening Classes begin on September 22, 1952. (Enrolment for evening classes: September 15, 5-8 p.m.) Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the undersigned. J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-3805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes; or private lessons; beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8511-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge and London University Certificates, short or long Courses; enrolment daily; Prospectus Free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., M.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH192, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

CULTURAL holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley, with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc. Staff Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22gns.; 21 days 26gns.) covers all travel accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money left out of your £25 currency allowance will be £16 for 14 days. Write for leaflet "1952 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5936.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7747.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 1493.

RELEASE from over-tension and overfatigue through re-education of posture and movement. Many symptoms are based on faulty muscular habits. Enquiries to Secretary, The Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.11. Tel. Park 7222.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

GREGG Shorthand/Typewriting classes for business people, mornings & evngs. Mrs. King, 3 Harrington Rd., S.W.7. WEL. 5955.

DANCE Studio Lilian Harmel. Modern Dance, Basic and Recreative Movement Classes. Eurhythmics, Percussion for children 48/2 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. Tel. PRI. 3500.

LEARN Massage, Osteopathy & Physiotherapy. Intensive Week-end Courses. Croydon School of Physiotherapy & Osteopathy, 105 Park Lane, Croydon.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Whorwell.) BAY. 2816.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

DENMARK. College Physical Education, Predensborg. Vacation Courses for Men and Women. Aug., 1952. Fee £16 10s. inc. Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming. One Year Training Course for Men Teachers. British & Commonwealth. Write Principal.

FABIAN Summer Schools throughout August, 1952. 2/9: Hope, Derbyshire. 9/16: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. 16/23: Kingsgate College, Broadstairs. 23/30: Freshams Heights, Farnham. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

MUSICAL Holiday, August 1-9, at Queenswood School, nr. Hatfield, Herts. Director: Ernest Read. Chamber Music with David Martin and other members of the Martin Quartet. Individual players can be accepted as well as Trios, Quartets, etc. Wind players and Pianists available when needed. Also Orchestral Rehearsals under Richard Austin, Myers Foggin, Leslie Regan and Guest-Conductor Sir Adrian Boult. Wind Ensemble under Archie Camden. Conductor's Course. Concerts, Tennis, Swimming. Listeners are welcome. Apply: Secretary, 151 King Henry's Road, London, N.W.3.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING—12 hr. Service. All typing efficiently completed. Mod. fees. Court Secretarial Service, 37a Kensington High Street, W.8. WES. 0781-2.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

HAZEL Porteous offers prompt, personal and efficient Typewriting Service. MSS., Short Stories, Plays, Theses, etc. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe. Telephone 390.

DUPLICATING by offset process—the modern way, comparable to printing. Immed. delivery, price list free. Compare our prices—see the better quality. Ashleys, 69 Southcliff Rd., Withernsea, Hull.

DUPLICATING (typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Bayswater 1786.

DUPLICATING/Typing by experts. Dictation separate office. Confidential. Miss Stone, 447, Strand, W.C.2. TEM. Bar. 5984.

TYPING & Proof-reading. Speedy & efficient service available to those seeking work accurately executed. BAYswater 1518.

STORIES, articles, poetry etc. Miss Piper, 62 Lower Paddock Rd., Watford.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAL. 7479.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories/duplicating, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading, etc. Translats. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 501/2 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHI. 6411/2, also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5609.

PERSONAL

ANTHROPOLOGIST'S wife needs help with three children on Norwegian island for eight months. Box 492.

IRISH boy, eighteen years, seeks working holiday abroad this summer. Box 448, Eason's Advertising Service, Dublin.

INEXPENSIVE week-end retreat—houseboat, converted 60ft yacht, teak-built and copper-sheathed, seven berths with Dunlopillo mattresses, lying in pleasant Essex village, price £750. Box 617.

LARGE Romany Caravan, fully equipped, 12 miles King's Cross; For sale £150 or rent 22s. 6d. p.w. Tel.: Chancery 8311.

S.R.N., gd. cook, dom., reqs. furn/unfurn. acc., self & husband, in pt. exch. services. Richmond/Kingston district. Box 700.

YOUNG man near Newport, Mon., urgently requires History tutor for entrance exam. (Oxon). Box 682.

GERMAN Refugee, Camb. Grad., expd. teacher native language, London. Box 576.

£25 Prize will be awarded to successful writer of words of School Song for Boys' Grammar School. Details: Box 536.

LANGUARD. Fully equipped for lux. holidays. Sleeps four. Bath, tel., garage. Ideally sit. overlooking Torbay. 2 mins. sea. £5 p.w. or wd. sell £600. Box 529.

PARENTS, 1 child, caravan; would rent part garden/land. Holiday use. Wd. care children/animals when helpful. Box 527.

ADVERTISER seeks family with children willing to take French boy aged 12 as paying guest for 4 weeks during summer vacation. Seaside or country. Write Turner, 49 Ladbroke Grove, W.11.

SMALL Homely Boarding House for Children of school age and young people, both sexes, liberal Jewish Religion, has vacancies, long and short periods. The house is run on non-profit-making basis by former Wardens of the Manchester Jewish Refugees Committee Children's Hostel. Charges therefore reasonable. Apply to Warden, Dunwood House, 401 Wilmslow Rd., Manchester, 20.

PERSONAL—continued

SENSIBLE mother's help-cum-general handywoman needed, part or full time. Lovely country. Box 607.

WANTED, London, weekly German lesson, exchange for English. Box 502.

GIRL 21 seeks another, going Israel end June cheap indirect route. Box 713.

POST reqd. by qual. musician (Pianist-Composer) in Music Trade/Prof. Box 393.

YOUNG qualified Accountant/Secretary reqs. part-time employment. Box 464.

EXPERIENCED Dominion journalist, qualified teacher, Honours Arts Degree, highest testimonials, will do anything reasonable, preferably travel. Box 461.

CAR Owner seeks sharing companions for 2 day holiday in Riviera sunshine June 27 to July 13. Please write Box 187.

PROF. singer wintering Majorca, fog-free climate, has vac. pupil. PLA. 8667.

WHITSUN holiday: Land's End and back by road; pleasant house, food, company; low cost. Also summer boarding, and camp site. Box 801.

TECHNICAL writers are invited to submit contributions to a monthly technical journal dealing with milk and ice cream. Topical matters connected with the problems of the industry and those dealing with processing operations, distribution methods, etc. (not farming) would be considered. Please write in first instance: Box 671.

GOVERNESS for Retarded Children, all ages. Terminus 8504 a.m.

ECONOMICAL 40ft Houseboat for sale, Lond. 4 mns., gas, water; £450. Box 656.

ARTISTS' Materials, Books. Smart business in fashionable Sussex town. Returns £9,500 income net abt. £1,000 p.a. Attractive concern. £2,500 S.A.V. Albert Prior & Grainger, 23 Ship St., Brighton.

STUDENTS camping in France Sept. most grateful for loan sharing of car. Wanted for longed-for holiday otherwise impossible. All care taken. Maintenance paid. Box 652.

SECRETARY require evening work. Own typewriter. MOU 7052.

PIANO: Joyce Rathbone, L.R.A.M., gives thorough musical & technical training to pupils at all stages. N. London & West End studios: 7 Langbourne Ave. N.6. MOU 7407.

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations. Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Blunham House, Bedfordshire.

IN cases of fatigue and physical debility try Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, stimulating and invigorating. Ask for explanatory brochure. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St. London W.1. Ings. Wel. 9600.

CHILDREN'S seaside camping holiday, July 29-August 12. Boys and girls over 11. Wonderful South Coast site. 3gns. a week. Particulars: Burgess Hill School, Oak Hill Park, N.W.3.

DON'T choose an "en famille" holiday if you only want a change of air and scenery and are not really interested in meeting the people of the country you visit. Otherwise, add immensely to the delight of travel by staying with the people in their homes, through E.P.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

CAPRI, Naples, Pompeii, Rome. Mr. Lamming will be pleased to send you details of his small private parties. 17 days fully inclusive 49gns. Always, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1. Chs. 6436.

SEE Spain for holiday value. The holiday of your life and easily managed within the allowance. 15-day holiday in Ibiza or other attractive resorts from £34 10s. Leaves £15 for incidentals. 14-day comprehensive Coach Tour of Spain 59gns. Leaves £10 for incidentals. New brochure ready. Write now. Sen Spain, Ltd., Dept. N.S., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 9351.

"MARRIED Love," by Dr. Marie Stopes, 25th Ed. 7s. 6d. post. Mothers' Clinic, 108 Whitfield St., London, W.1.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Private lessons and instruction classes in Ballroom Dancing. Welbeck 4841.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £50.

FINE Hand-Printing. Books of Memoirs, Poetry, Miscellanea. Editorial services. Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gdns. London, W.8.

MANNEQUINS. The world-famous Lucie Clayton Appointments Bureau for Fashion Models will give a free consultation to any young lady considering day or evening training. 449 Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 0667.

DOUGLAS Glass, Photographer, 43 Black Lion Lane, W.6. RIV. 7522.

PITMAN'S shorthand. Private individual tuition in sunny, central flat. No classes. Day or evening. Tel. PAD. 6929.

PIANO Lessons by concert pianist, full Dutch teaching qualifications. VIC. 0820.

JUAN Les Pins. Holidays in a private villa by the sea. Payment in sterling. French cuisine. Box 9693.

CONTAMINES (French Alps), 2 weeks £30 incl. fare. Spending money £12. "We all loved Les Contamines, the hotel was excellent, food delicious. Box 701.

PERSONAL—continued

URGENT. Yng. men reqd. for Unity Theatre's new prodn. No acting exp. nec. Prodns., 1 Goldington St. N.W.1. EUS. 1821.

PAUL Gallico—writes the brightest column in daily journalism every day in the "Daily Graphic"—illustrated by Nicolas Bentley. Order your "Daily Graphic" for Gallico and the best news-pictures.

MOUNTAINEERING Holidays. Our summer courses at the Taschachhaus, 7,980ft. up in the Otztaler Alps, are designed for the beginner at climbing as well as for the more experienced mountaineer. First-class training, guided ascents of the major peaks of the Tyrol, all equipment, club membership, travel (with food on the journey), accommodation and meals—an absolutely all-inclusive 16 days of exhilarating experience for only £40. Write for details to Ramblers' Assoc. Services, 48a Park Rd., Baker St., London, N.W.1.

SPRING Holidays: Enjoy Sunshine and Spring Flowers with a small party going to Switzerland May 10, or Lake Garda May 24; also original Spring Holidays in Britain including Weekend Party in the Peak District, May 10, Whitsun parties in Oxfordshire, Sussex or Sailing on Norfolk Broads. Ernest Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 9225/6.

ARTS Festivals, University Courses, Summer, 1952. Festivals at Aix-en-Provence, Avignon, Ascona, Menton, Nice, Engadin, Braunwald, Lyons—14 days' inclusive holiday from 35 guineas. University courses at Nice, Bonn, Kiel, Brussels, Florence, Geneva—3 weeks' inclusive holiday from 21½ guineas. Write for further details to Specialised Travel Service, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.1), 68 Paddington St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9935/6.

SPAIN Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1. Barcelona, Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days' holiday in the sun. Unhurried & informal though accompanied. £10 currency allowance taken. Send your dates and get broch.: Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq. W.C.1.

AUSTRIA by air or train. Tours from July 19. Zell-am-See, Fulpmes (with Dolomites?), Gmunden (with Vienna), good hotels, good company, 13-15 nights £29-£38 10s. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

CANAL Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs, offer a new and adventurous holiday. Cruisers for 2-6 people. May, June, Sept. Houseboat with motor boat on lovely lake.

SERENITY: a 7-day Relaxation/Nature cure regime restores vitality and poise. A delightful bijou guest house. Folder: Francis Symonds, "The Brookhods," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

CORSICA. This year make sure of the weather and fly to Corsica for a wonderful sunny fortnight on the Bay of Calvi. London-Corsica by air and 14 days at Camp de l'Horizon £39 10s. all inclusive, leaving £12 spending money. Apply for illus. brochure to: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. City 7163.

BARCELONA, Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days' holiday in the sun. Unherded & informal though accompanied. £10 currency allowance taken. Send your dates and get broch.: Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq. W.C.1.

IF you are interested in travelling with other nationalities as well as British, join me in a unique expedition by road through Belgium and Germany to Austria. Nine days—£29 5s. Box 512.

UNFORGETABLE Holidays by Coach to Spain, down the Dalmatian Coast, or through the loveliest parts of Germany and Austria including Vienna. For details apply Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. NS, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. ABBey 2214/5.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Rally & Camp, Vienna, for members of the democratic Labour Movement under 40. Leaving London June 29, 15 days; all-in, £25. I.U.S.Y., 21 Strutton Ground, S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

CHILDREN'S Holidays — Bournemouth. Our 4th Summer house-party for those aged 7-16: Aug./Sept. Illd. brochure: Junior Holidays N.S., 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PICTURE bargains. Write for lists of paintings and watercolours by best British artists at under £10. Collectors of modest means especially catered for. Box 468.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 6/7 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HALL, Leic. Sq. Meetings, Classes, Socials, 2gns. evg. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

YOGHOURT made from milk easily & cheaply at home. Dets.: Valacta Products Ltd., Dept. P., Poplar Rd., Shipley, Yorks.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

SHIRTS re-collared, 6s. 9d. post free. B. & OSEV, 6 Silver Cres., W.4. CHI. 0765.

PERSONAL—continued

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

P.S. A special opportunity to visit Spain at Whitsun, a full week in Tarragone, 10 days total period, 22 guineas. Departure May 26, return June 4.

P.P.S. Full partics. from Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. HAR. 1040.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furn. service room with breakfast & dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143, Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

TO Let furn. flat, N.W.1, 4 rooms, kit. & bathrm., £27 6s. monthly. Box 527.

TO let, close Belsize Pk. Tube, well furn. bed-sitting room. Breakfast, use bath, kitchen. Tel. after 4, wk. ends after 11. PRI. 2403. 124 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE. Pleasant newly dec. room, quiet private maisonette. ½ share good kitchen. Mod. rent for congenial tenant wishing settle. KEN. 2832 after 6.30.

ONE large room, 35s. incl. htg. & gas & clg. facils. HAM. 1581 (aft. 6 p.m.)

TO let: I have one sunny bed-sit. rm. with bkfst., 3gns. Occas. meals. Hampstead Garden Suburb, nr. bus-stop. Box 525.

BACHELOR offers to anr. (orth. Jewish age 30-40) accom. in mod. block St. John's Wd. Ref. exch. PRI. 3106/3244 or Box 222.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

EXCEPTIONALLY nice large single divan-bedroom. Service, linen, bath, use of kitchen. Nr. Tube. PRI. 9051.

W.8. Fully-furn. divan bed-sit. room; own kitchen, 3gns. p.w. Suit quiet prof. lady. KEN. 5803 day; WES. 0986 evening.

S/C Accommodation in Hampstead. 3, 4 or 5 rooms from £4 10s. p.w. Only people who appreciate Georgian architecture, gardens and children need apply. Box 704.

LADY sublets pleas. divan-rm., homely atmosphere, 35s. p.w. Willesden 5349.

BEDROOM & sitting-rm., all conveniences, Continental breakfast, in modern block of flats, to be let to gentleman only, £4 4s. weekly. Tel. after 6 p.m. MAI. 1361.

COMFORTABLY furn. flatlets to let, singles, doubles—pleasantly situated on main bus routes. TUDor 8965 evenings.

FINCHLEY Rd. Superior private house, single & dble. room, breakfast. For professional people and visitors. Box 732.

S/C 3rd floor furnished flat, Holland Park, 3 rooms, kitchen, large studio, bath. £3 10s. plus rates. Box 642.

HOLIDAY Cot, overlking. Dartmouth Harbour. Sleep 5. 6-7gns. wkly. Box 659.

COTTAGE, Carmarthen coast, sleep 8, June, August, Sept., 3gns. Box 731.

CHELSEA house to let Summer months. Sleep 6. £8 p.w. or would exchange country house with garden. Box 814.

LARGE upper maisnte., all conv., £130 per annum incl., 1 min. Warwick Ave. Tube, each, for house in country 25 miles Greenwich. Perm. or temp. exch. consid. Box 533.

YNG. woman (Lon. Med. Stud.) now sep. from 2 sm. babies, urg. sks. accom. (furn./unfurn.) where they wd. be welc. Box 528.

CAN any kind friend help two men find home near inner London, really quiet evening and early morning. Separate rooms, dinner 3 or 4 times wkly., not lunch. Box 688.

ARTIST, wife, and baby, desperately need accom., W./N.W. London. Rent about £120, in advance if required. Box 600.

SOCIALIST, male, 23, grad., reqs. bed-sitt. rm. with bkfst., use of 'phone, pref. Highgate-Hampstead district. Box 606.

YNG. prof. cple. req. unf. flat 3/4 rms. Y.K. & B.W. London/Thames suburbs. Rent in adv. if nec. Gd. refs. Box 520.

WANTED urgently s/c flat; maximum rent £150; preferably W.C.1. Univ. woman lecturer. TER. 7471 9-10 a.m. or 6-8 p.m.

URGENT. Unfurn. s/c flat, 1 hour Hounslow West. Yng. cple, child (7). Hinkley, B.Sc., 316 Gt. West Rd., Hounslow.

WANTED by Canadian official visiting London with teen-age family, July 1-mid August, centrally-located furnished flat, three bedrooms, reasonable rent. Box 359.

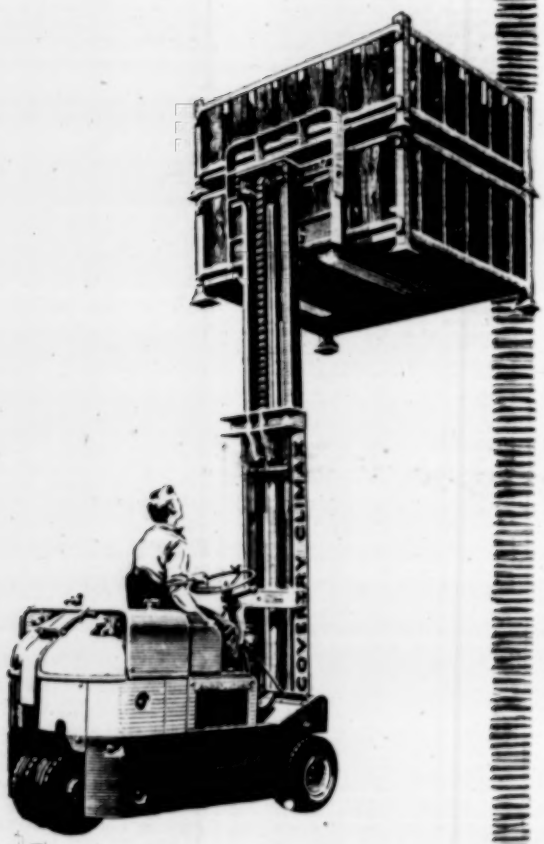
PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HOUSEBOAT, cent. heating, mairs electricity water, 40 coned. Hammersmith. £1,850. Tel. RIV. 6095 or write Box 7543.

SUSSEX. Sunny terrace house overlooking Arun harbour, Littlehampton, 2 reception, 4 bedrooms (fitted basins), immersion heater, Creda cooker. Sailing, Fishing & Golf opposite house. Freehold £3,500. Box 351.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 538 and 537

Carried unanimously



Some 50 Anglo-American Productivity Council Reports are unanimous in drawing attention to the importance of mechanical handling of materials.

To quote from one:

"We believe that substantial increases in production from existing plant and manpower in industry can be achieved by relatively little capital expenditure . . . . . by the current application of handling devices."

which echoes the statement of Mr. Cloud Wampler, President Carrier Corp., as quoted in "Factory," Oct. 1950:

"If I had just one choice as to technological improvements that could be adopted practically overnight to boost productivity, I'd take materials handling."

Pioneers of the small diesel fork lift truck— most versatile material handling machine available to industry.

Coventry Climax

COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LTD. (DEPT. S) COVENTRY, ENGLAND

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y. Post Office 1924. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.